CHATS WITH CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH

JAMES M. FARRAR, D.D.

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BY

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CHATS WITH CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH

One

THE PRICE OF A DAY

"Redeeming the time."—Ephesians 5:16.

THE first day of the New Year will soon fold its tent like an Arab, and as silently steal away. Each day has twenty-four hours, and that seems like a long time. But each hour is divided into seconds, and these tiny mites of a day may slip away before you pray. They go so quickly that an hour is soon past; it won't last. As soon as one hour goes another hour starts to run after it. One part of the day you have for play, and each play hour is on roller skates. Juniors should sleep at least ten hours a day; each one of these hours steals away before you wake. In the day there is a break.

If, therefore, you are going to do anything with

the days of this New Year you must be quick about it, or they will all slip away in making way for another day. Paul says we should redeem them. What does he mean? His idea is that you should buy them, purchase them, make them your own. The days of this year will go faster than any automobile. They will never have a punctured tire, and you can not arrest them for speeding. They will just keep going on at full speed. Are you ready to purchase one day? Have you money enough to purchase a whole day? You may be surprised to learn that even one hour is of more value than an automobile. What do you suppose a day is worth? I can tell you what a very rich man by the name of Carnegie has offered, or said he would be very willing to give, for ten more years of life. He enjoys this world, and would like to live in it ten years more. For these ten years, if any one could sell them to him, he would be willing to give two hundred millions of dollars.

If this is the price, how much time can you purchase? In ten years there are 3,650 days. At the rate that Mr. Carnegie is willing to pay for ten years, one day would be worth $54,794. Is that too much to pay? Then possibly you would be willing to take an hour. An hour at this rate would cost you $2,283.

Is that too much for your pocketbook so soon after Christmas? Then possibly you would be willing to buy a minute. A minute would cost you $38. I see some of you shaking your heads. You do not have $38? Then you had better buy a second, for I am sure you want to have some time that you can call your own Now, how much would a second cost you? I want you to figure this out when you go home. If one minute costs $38, how much will one second cost? This is the price an old man is willing to pay for every second in ten years.

Time is very much more valuable for a junior than it is for a senior. An hour now is worth ten hours when you are old. A year now is worth ten years when you are old. I am glad God does not ask you to purchase time with money. Some of you boys and girls would have to work a month of borrowed time in order to buy a second. What is the price God asks you to give for time? "Redeeming the time" means buying the opportunity. A study hour is an opportunity. If you make good use of the hour, you have purchased it, you have bought an opportunity for study. The price was hard work. If you have an hour for recitation you pay attention for the hour. An hour for play is purchased by ex-

ercise, and you get health. You buy every opportunity by using it.

The trouble with a great number of boys and girls is that they lose much of their time. The morning hour is the most valuable one of the day. Your mind has had a long rest during the night, and is fresh and ready for work. You lose the best hour. I think I know where you lost it. You will probably find it in your bed. You just turned over and dropt half an hour in a nap. Two naps make a knapsack, into which you often drop an hour. Then you lose many of these valuable minutes by being late for breakfast, late at school, late for church, always behind time. Here is a sentiment that I would like to have you commit and repeat every night before you go to bed:

> LOST! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two Golden Hours, each set with Sixty Diamond Minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

Shall I tell you a story? Here is one that is specially interesting because it is true. It is a sad story about the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said, "We

had better return; if we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the Prince, let us stay here ten minutes, and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish said, "That was his great mistake from babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night, nor to rise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"

Redeem each and every hour of the day, and then at night, after you have said your prayer, and just before you fall asleep, you can hear Longfellow sing:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Two

BENDING A SWORD INTO A CROWN

"Escaped the edge of the sword."—Hebrews 11:34.

ELEVEN days of our New Year have folded their tents. Each one stole away silently at midnight. All the other days of this New Year are in the temple of To-morrow. To-morrow, the tormenting day that never comes. It is that strange day that never arrives, but always sends To-day. We call To-morrow a temple, because from To-morrow, To-day comes to us so pure and good. It comes without sin and without stain, alike in sunshine and rain. Every junior takes To-day as it comes from To-morrow, and writes something on it before it passes into Yesterday. When the day slips by without being stained or spoiled, God takes it and reads with pleasure all you have written on it. If the day does not go from you as clean and sweet as it came to you, Satan will claim it when it becomes Yesterday. He will read all you write on it as a letter to him from you.

Over the head of every boy and girl who redeemed

each day for God, hangs a crown. It is held in the air, over his head, by a very slender thread. This thread will some day break, and let the crown down softly upon his head. God has a crown for every one of his workers. I believe the brightest are for boys and girls. The juniors are wearing crowns to-day, but their eyes are not bright enough to see them. In the next world you will see the crowns you on earth wore while on your daily rounds.

Over the head of every boy and girl who works for Satan there hangs a sword. It is suspended only by a thread. I do not like to talk about the sword; I would rather talk about the crown. But there is a sword hanging over the head of every junior who is not redeeming each day, and is not sending it back clean and sweet to God. Now I am sure you will think this sermon is long enough and you are waiting for a story. Here is a story which I change a little for the sake of the juniors, but it is really one of the great stories of the world, and the main part of it actually happened. Many years ago there was a boy who wrote on each day unkind words and marked each day with dark deeds—received each day from God, and sent it on to Satan. He was a Prince, the son of Dionysius. So cruel and unkind

was the Prince that the people called him the "Young Tyrant." He was very rich, and lived in a fine palace, with everything as beautiful as money could buy. But he did not purchase each day for God; he stained it for Satan. Then there was something the King and all his friends tried to find. It was something unseen that made the Prince unhappy. He said he felt something over his head, but no one could see it.

One day a very poor child, the son of Damocles, came to the palace and saw the Prince as he walked in the garden. The boy spoke to the Prince, and said, "How happy you must be! You have here everything you desire." The boy was surprized to hear the Prince was very unhappy. The Prince said, "Perhaps you would like to change places with me; if so, I will give you all my riches and pleasures for one day if you may teach me how to play. You can take my place and everything that is here will be yours for the day, but you must stay and play as I say." The boy agreed and anxiously waited for "to-day" to come from "to-morrow." He could not sleep that night, thinking how happy he was going to be for one day. The next day he went to the palace, and all the servants were told to treat him

as the Prince. He soon tired of the palace and its pleasures.

He went out and sat down under a tree in the garden, where everything that was good to eat and drink was placed before him. Anything that he could think of was brought to him the moment he mentioned it. He sat enjoying the good things and listening to the wonderful music. He tried to make himself believe that he was the happiest boy in all the world. He thought he was enjoying the life his father and mother had taught him not to live. He chanced to raise his eyes toward the sky, and saw a sharp sword that hung directly over his head. He was frightened when he saw it was held only by two threads of a spider's web. What if the threads should break? The smile faded from his lips and he became ashy pale.

The Prince came and asked him what the trouble was. "That sword! That sword!" cried the boy. "How can I escape the edge of the sword?" He was so frightened that he feared to move lest the sword would fall. "Let me go," he said, "for I can not be happy with this sword hanging over my head." He went back to his old home, in the poor little cottage, where he thanked God for the plain food

and Christian home and the music of the birds and the brook.

He began again to think good thoughts and to do noble deeds, and then real joy filled his heart. Looking up from the table, he saw hanging over his head a crown, a beautiful crown, suspended by just one thread of a spider's web. Some one whispered, "When your life is pure, and you are content and willing to think more of God than of riches and pleasures, then this crown will fall gently upon your head. As soon as he learned this, he ran, almost out of breath, to the Prince and told him about the crown. It is the sword that makes you unhappy. He told the Prince if he would be a brother to the Prince of Peace, an angel would come and bend the sword, now hanging over his head, into a crown. From him the Prince was glad to learn how to escape the edge of the sword.

Three

CARNATION CELEBRATION

"The Word was made flesh."—John 1:14.

THE Carnation holds the world's admiration. It was first found in southern Europe. Flower lovers have cultivated it for many, many years, because of its fragrance and beauty. Do you know the meaning of the name Carnation? We get the name Carnation from a Latin word that means flesh. The wild Carnation was flesh-colored. The beautiful pink of a little child's flesh. Carnation, therefore, means flesh, or flesh-colored. It was once called a pink. By loving the Carnation a little, coaxing it a little, and pushing it a little, the florist has made it bloom in several colors.

This name Carnation will help you to remember the long word, "Incarnation." Take off the "in" and you have left "Carnation," the name of this flower. Put "in" back again, and you have "Incarnation." Now you have a new word, one you will never forget. What does this long word mean? Carnation, you know, means flesh, and Incarnation, then,

means in the flesh. The Incarnation of Christ means his life here on earth in the flesh; that is, in the body. "The Word was made flesh." "Word" is one of the names the Bible uses for Christ. "In the beginning was the Word." Christ came down from heaven, and lived in a flesh body like yours. He came as a little child, with beautiful pink cheeks. "Carnation," a flesh-colored flower; "Incarnation," the beautiful flesh-color, or body, in which Christ lived while on earth.

Just think, isn't it splendid? The junior congregation knows what the minister means when he talks to the senior congregation about the "Incarnation of Christ." He means our Christ living in the flesh, living close to us, suffering with us, rejoicing with us, dying for us. The Bible calls Christ the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley." We will also call him our "Carnation." I am glad the Bible tells us to think of Christ as being like a flower. He is just like a flower, of which I read last week. On one side of a gangway entering a coal mine grows a plant which is perfectly white. Visitors on seeing it were surprized that this little plant could be so pure and white, clean and sweet, with coal dust and dirt flying over it all the time. A miner took a hand-

ful of coal dust and threw it upon the plant. The coal dust fell off the flowers. There is something like enamel on the white flower, to which the finest speck could not stick. There the flower lives, the one spot of beauty and purity amid a world of work and dirt. Christ became incarnate, lived in a body as we do, to show us how we can live and work in the dust and dirt of sin and still keep our body, mind and soul clean and sweet.

Flowers also help to make our lives clean and sweet. A young girl on a train gave a bunch of Carnations to a little cripple. The child held them to her lips and prest them to her heart until she fell asleep. As the train neared her home, her father came in from another car. At the sight of his little one lying peacefully with the Carnations in her hand and her head against the stranger, he said, in a voice full of feeling, "I'm not a prayin' man, but, the Lord's blessin' rest on you for your kindness to my motherless child." The little girl roused as she was taken in her father's arms, and said, "I've been—in—heaven—pa; I've got—some—Carnations." The dear child, I hope some one told her about the "In-Carnation."

Look a little louder, please, through that tear!

Now I hear. You say, if I will tell you another story, you will remember all the sermon. Here, then, is the story. President McKinley loved the Carnation. It was the flower he wore in the buttonhole of his coat. January 29, will be the seventieth anniversary of his birth. Millions of people each year, on January 29, wear a Carnation in memory of this great and good man. We therefore call January 29 "Carnation Day." To-day we will call "Carnation Sunday." Our Carnation Celebration!

President McKinley was shot September 6, 1901, when visiting the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. He died on September 14, at the Milburn home. Three days before he died, a poor but sweet-faced old lady tried to get to the house to see Mrs. McKinley. She carried a bunch of old-fashioned garden posies, and had them tied with a faded pink ribbon. In this bouquet were many "hardy pinks," now called Carnations. A policeman stopped her near the rope that kept the crowd back from the house. "You can't go through, lady," said the officer, stepping in front of her. She stepped back trembling, and the tears began to flow as she said, "Will you be so kind as to give these flowers to Mrs. McKinley? They're from my own yard, and I've

walked clear in from out near Grimesville to give them to Mrs. McKinley, with my love. Tell her that we are all praying out at Grimesville that her husband will get well."

It is said at the Milburn home that, while there were bouquets of American Beauty roses here and there in the rooms, the bunch of old-fashioned posies from the woman from out Grimesville way, who prayed for the President, had the place of honor on her dresser. The Incarnation of Christ made the world wonderfully beautiful, fragrant and kind.

On this day the children come with arms full of Carnations, and after the service they are sent to the children's ward of the hospital, and to any sick children known of to whom they can be sent.

Four

THE LAND OF THE SHADOW

"They that dwell in the land of the shadow."—Isaiah 9:2.

WISH I could be a country boy again, just for a day. If the choice came at this time of the year, I would take February 2 for that one day. What a great day it used to be in the fields, watching the woodchuck. We Pennsylvania boys called it Groundhog Day. But as the woodchuck and the groundhog are the same animal, it does not matter which name we use. The mound around the groundhog hole was our weather bureau. There was an old myth, that had great interest for the blacksmith's son. If the groundhog came out on February 2, and saw his shadow, we believed he would dive head foremost into his hole. Out from his dark hole in the ground he would not come for six weeks. I am sure you are all sorry for the foolish groundhog. Running from his shadow, and hiding in a dark hole for six long weeks!

I imagine that the Indian boys call him "groundhog afraid of his shadow." Do we know any "boy afraid

of his shadow," or "girl afraid of her shadow?" Why should any one be afraid of a shadow? One of the most beautiful homes in this country was built from a shadow. How could a house be built from a shadow? One day Mr. Spencer Trask and his little daughter were crossing a rustic bridge, over a beautiful lake. The little girl saw their shadows in the water and, pointing with joy, said, "Yaddo," which was as near as her baby tongue could get to the word shadow. Near this lake her father built a mansion, where the little child could see its shadow and shout "Yaddo." He named the mansion "Yaddo." This is what I mean by building a home from a shadow. Would it not be great to build our shadows into something beautiful and useful?

But I am not going to preach to-day, and will stop right here, and tell you a story. It is about "The Land of the Shadow People." I found the story in one of our daily papers. Elaine made a long journey to the Land of the Shadow People. She soon noticed that they had a strange custom of always walking and working with their backs to the sun. In the morning they worked with their faces set westward, and at noon turned and began working backward. Always with their backs to the sun. Approaching

one, whose strong body she admired, Elaine said that it was a beautiful day. To her surprize, this man replied that one so sick and sad as he did not care whether the day was beautiful or not. And when she exprest surprize at such a remark, he pointed down to his shadow lying on the ground and said, "You see me there, see how dark and thin I am." "But," she cried out in surprize, "what difference does that make? That is not yourself, it is only the shadow of your real body." The man answered, "No, that is not my shadow; that is my real self lying on the ground."

Elaine was sorry, but he would not let her help him. She went to a beautiful young girl, who was sitting with her face to the west while sewing. A straighter, better developed girl, with more beautiful face, she had never seen. When Elaine spoke to her, she began complaining of her poor health, and said she was sinking into an early grave. "But," murmured Elaine, "you have no signs of sickness; you are beautiful and strong." "You are a strange girl," the young woman responded; "if you look at my body you will see that it is already shrunken and eaten away by sickness." "But," Elaine said, "what of it? That is not yourself! That is nothing but a

shadow of yourself." The beautiful girl said, "You tell me that is not my body! Whose is it, then?" Elaine kindly said, "Why, nobody's. It is nothing but your shadow." But the young woman would not believe her.

Elaine hurried over to a group of little children who were staying in one place, but not playing. Here, too, she found that each one's attention was bent upon his or her shadow on the ground, and each was afraid of it. Elaine asked, "Why don't you juniors turn your faces to the sun, and you won't see those ugly shadows." "Turn to the sun! Why, then, we couldn't see ourselves, and, if we didn't see our bodies, how could we care for them?" At last Elaine succeeded in persuading one little girl to turn toward the light. "Why," she exclaimed, "where is my body? I don't see it! What has become of it?" "Just where it always was," Elaine replied, and she laid her hand on the girl's shoulder. "It seems so strange. Why, I don't feel a bit sick." Elaine asked, "Why not remain with your back to the dark and your face to the light? Are you not happier as you are?" "Oh, so much happier. Why, I never was happy before." Then all the juniors turned from their shadows with a shout of joy, and Elaine taught

them how to play and pray. This was the first junior congregation in the Land of the Shadow People.

Woodchuck Day is a good time for us to say we will not dwell in the Land of the Shadow. In the Bible we read of "a sun and shield." A sun to give us light, and a shield to protect us from danger. See if you can find the name of our "Sun and Shield," who taught us how to dwell and to be happy in the Land of the Shadow.

Five

A CLEAN LENT

"Tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." —Isaiah 1:18.

ASH Wednesday is the first day of Lent and Easter Sunday is the last day in Lent. From early times the Church has set apart this season in memory of Christ's forty-day fast. The name of Lent comes from an old word meaning Spring. This observance in memory of Christ's forty-day fast in the wilderness came in the spring, so they called it Lent. Some call it "Clean Lent." What a strange name? What do they mean? On Ash Wednesday, in some of the churches, ashes and holy water are sprinkled on the people in the sign of the cross. Ashes mean humility—we must be humble. Water has reference to our need of washing clean from all sin. The sign of the cross refers to what Christ has done for us. Because Lent begins on Ash Wednesday with this ceremony of cleaning it is called Clean Lent.

A Quaker, named Isaac Hopper, was a great lover of little children. When he met a boy with a dirty

face or hands he would ask him, "Didst thou ever study chemistry?" The boy, with a wondering stare, would answer, "No." "Then I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment. Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on thy hands and face. Then thou wilt see what a beautiful froth it will make. From it thou canst make soap bubbles. This is a chemical experiment; I advise thee to try it."

It is not the body, but the mind and soul, that are to be cleansed and made ready for the Easter joy. In our church we do not have the chemical experiment with ashes and holy water, but we do want you to be made humble and to keep your mind and soul clean. Tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. On Ash Wednesday just think, think, think of what the day means. You wash and get ready for dinner. Lent is the getting ready for the feast of Easter. Let your prayer every morning be, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." At the close of Christ's forty-day fast we read that the angels came and ministered unto him. Make this "Clean Lent," and at Easter I am sure the angels will bring blessings to you. Remember not only the water of cleansing, but also the ashes of humility.

Humility means bowing your proud head. Can I help you to remember this? Listen! An eccentric minister, preaching on "The Ark," said: "Noah sent his boys out to measure the animals, in order to know how large to make the door of the Ark. The boys brought back the measurement of the elephant as the largest animal. When the door had been completed, they came in, much excited, and said, 'Father, father, the door is too low! We found a giraffe, with head so high it can never get in.' The old gentleman replied, 'I have made the door large enough to admit the elephant, and that high-headed giraffe must get its head down to enter.' And I say, brethren," continued the preacher, "the door into the Ark is wide enough to admit an elephant of a sinner like me, and if you high-headed sinners want to get in you must get your heads down." You must be humble and use God's method of cleansing. I hear a junior say, "I am not a great sinner, I am sure my sins are not like scarlet; why should I be humble and ask God to wash my mind and soul?"

Dr. Hulbert's story about one drop of red paint will help you to understand. A boy walked into a house-painter's shop one day, and stood looking at the different colors. The painter had gone out for

something, and the boy began to meddle. On the floor stood a large keg of white paint, and close beside it was a smaller one, filled with Indian red, all ready for the brush. The boy took hold of a paddle in the smaller keg and held it up, watching the thin red stream which flowed from the end. Something startled him, and he turned quickly and let a single drop fall into the white paint. The boy was frightened, and tried to hide the one drop of red paint by mixing it well with the white paint. At last he thought that the red drop was completely hidden. But the first thing that the painter said when he came in was, "That keg of white paint isn't very white. I wonder what's the matter with it?"

Some of you have tried the same thing with the spots in your characters that the boy did with the spot in the paint. You try to hide your sin by mixing it in with your good life. But one little, mean sin will spoil your good character just as one drop spoiled the keg of white paint.

Six

ST. VALENTINE AND LINCOLN

"He loveth our nation."—Luke 7:5.

WHY did the early Church call Valentine a saint? Because he had a great heart of love. An old Roman legend tells us that Valentine was arrested and thrown into prison because he became a Christian. Asterius, who was a very wise man, tried to win Valentine back to heathenism. This wise man had a beautiful daughter, who was blind. Valentine, in the name of Christ, opened her eyes. Her father, Asterius, then believed in Valentine's Christianity, and he and all his family were baptized. But loving all who were in sorrow did not save him from being murdered. The date of his death, February 14, is celebrated in memory of his love, and is known as St. Valentine's Day. If you watch your big brother and sister on February 14, you may see them sending valentines—love-letters hidden in pictures.

We celebrate February 12 as Lincoln's Day. He

had a great heart of love. "He loved our nation." Ask father to tell you how much Lincoln loved our nation. Ask him the price Lincoln paid for his love of our nation. But like St. Valentine, Lincoln's great heart of love did not save him. On April 14, 1865, he, like St. Valentine, passed into the larger world of love.

How big was Lincoln? More than six feet in height. But that is not his full measure. He had a great brain. But you can not find how big he was by measuring his brain. To know how big he was, how really great he was, you will have to get the measure of his heart. Last week I was talking to a man who writes and publishes books. He told me that the real greatness of a man is not found by the measure of his head, but by the measure of his heart.

The time will come when we will not speak of how tall a junior is, or how much a junior weighs, but will ask the size of his or her heart. All juniors have big and good hearts. But sometimes, as the junior grows, the heart begins to shrink. There are many things that make the heart smaller and smaller as juniors grow larger and larger. When Lincoln was a boy, he avoided things that would have wrinkled his heart.

His mother taught him never to swear, never to drink liquor, and never to lie. Do I hear you say, "I know how telling lies and swearing will shrink the heart. But I do not think that drinking liquor would make the heart any smaller." I am glad to hear you say that you "think." Your pastor wants you to think, and if he is wrong in what he thinks he wants you to set him right. Here are two questions for your "think": Would Lincoln's heart have grown if he had become a drunkard? Will strong drink take love out of the heart? I will leave you to think, and to decide on these two questions. Send me your vote. Vote yes or no on each of the questions. As a reward for sending me your vote, I will tell you a story.

A minister, who was my neighbor in the City of Brotherly Love, told the following story to a large congregation: "We had in the city of Philadelphia a man who was secretary and treasurer in one of our great institutions. I suppose there is scarcely a man in this city that would equal him as a financier. Certainly not one who could surpass him. He was a college graduate, and had all the fine instincts of a gentleman. But strong drink claimed him as its victim. He drank and drank until he had to move

into a very humble home. When his baby died, they had no clothing to put on him to make him ready for the grave. We furnished the clothes. Somebody said that altho the child's feet were hidden by the dress, they were bare, and that we should put shoes on the little feet. I purchased some white kid shoes and slipped them on the little icy feet. And old-time friend said, 'Get the father and bring him in. Maybe if he sees the baby, he will come back to himself.' We brought the father in. He stood beside the little casket for a moment, and looked down into the sweet face of his child. Then he began to shake with great emotion. The tears ran down his cheeks. The friends said to us, 'Leave him alone,' and we went out and left him alone with his child. He ran his fingers over the folds of the little white dress and underneath, and took off from those icy feet the white kid shoes and crammed them in his pocket. When I took his baby to the grave the father was insensible from drink. He had pawned the little white kid shoes and had spent the money in a saloon. This man's heart had at one time been as large and as full of love as your father's heart." Please do not forget to send me your vote.

Seven

THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY

"Honor thy father."—Mark 10:19.

GEORGE WASHINGTON did not have a little boy or a girl to call him father. He was lonesome, and adopted all the people in this country as his children. We are glad he adopted us, as he certainly was a good father. We will call each State in our country a room in Father Washington's home, and each person in our country a member of his family. In 1776 how many rooms were in his home? That is right, thirteen. You do not know how many people were in his family? This you should know. There were 3,929,214. He loved every one; they were all his children. Why should we honor the "Father of our Country"? One reason is because of the troubles he had with and for the children. He had many trials, and, when fighting those great battles, he had more defeats than victories. Some one has counted forty times in his life when it did not seem possible for him to succeed.

Do you know the secret of his final success? Here is what a student of history says: "Washington was great in his courage and sticking qualities. He would stick until he succeeded." This was one secret of his success, but there must be some secret greater than this one. He met difficulties that could not have been overcome by merely sticking at his work. Listen, and I will give you what I believe was the secret of his success. Mr. Potts owned the house at Valley Forge in which Washington made his headquarters. One day Mr. Potts was walking along the creek, near the house, and heard a deep voice. Then he noticed a horse tied to a sapling. On looking further, he found General Washington on his knees praying. Washington believed God would hear and answer his prayer. Read his history and see if this was not the great secret of his success.

We should honor Father Washington also for the way he trained those 3,929,214 children. After his death, the family did not quarrel. In each of the thirteen rooms they remembered what he told them, and kept on working together and adding more rooms to the house. How many rooms are now in the George Washington house? Forty-eight is the correct answer. I am glad you know your American history.

We have one peculiar room named the District of Columbia. Ask your father why it does not count as a State. Then there are some large rooms on which we have not swung a State door: Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam and Tutuila. There are also children in a far-away land, in a house we call the Philippines. If we call each island in the Philippines an ocean cubby, we have in this far-away home 3,139 cubbies, or small rooms. In them are 8,159,502 George Washington grandchildren. The father of our country could have been a king or an emperor, but he chose to be just a father, and to work for his children.

Will a story help you to remember this? Then I will tell you a story. It is about a discontented stonecutter. He had a family, bright boys and girls, but he loved himself better than he loved his children. One day he said, "Would that I were rich, and could lie on a couch with silk curtains." An angel said, "Your wish is granted." But he soon tired of his soft couch and silk curtains and said, "Would that I were king." The angel crowned him and made him a king. As king it was his duty one day to review a very long procession of soldiers. The sun shone down with fierce rays through the silken sunshade that was held over him. This made him dis-

contented, and he cried out, "I want to be the sun, for the sun is stronger than a king." The angel picked him up and threw him into the air. Before he had time to think, he was the sun shining in the sky. While he was rejoicing, a storm arose and hid his power. Again he became discontented and wished that he could be the cloud that was more powerful than the sun. The angel was very patient, and changed him into a big black thunder cloud. But there was a mountain that he could not move. He could cover it, and the lightning would flash and the thunder roar, but the mountain would not move. Therefore he was very unhappy. "I wish I were a mountain of stone, stronger and more powerful than the stormcloud." In a moment he was a great mountain like Gibraltar, and boasted of his strength. The next day a man came with a chisel and hammer, and began to cut stones out of his side. "What is this?" he cried out in despair; "a man has power over me and cuts stones out of my body. Would that I were a stonecutter, for a stonecutter is stronger than a mountain, and a mountain is stronger than a stormcloud, and a stormcloud is stronger than the sun, and the sun is stronger than a king, and a king is stronger than a rich man on

a silk couch." "It shall be as you desire," said the angel. In a few minutes he found himself a stone-cutter, again at his old work. But he had lost the best years of his life.

The "Father of Our Country," whose birthday we celebrate, was content to work without asking for honor and more power. Now we all honor him, and his name is power. At our national capital a George Washington Memorial Hall is to be erected. It will cost two million and a half dollars. Fifty thousand children are to give a dime each toward the cost. We love to honor this father.

Eight

A LITTLE TALK ON SENTIMENT

"Why was this waste?"—Mark 14:4.

GOOD-BY to February. This month is short in days, but large in celebrations. It is a month of sentiment. I hear some one asking, "What is sentiment?" It is something that comes to you when you are not looking for it. It comes from your heart. Let us take an example: As you walk along the street you see a man whipping a boy. This makes you think. If you hold the "think" in your brain, it will keep cool and you will be able to reason about it. You will say, probably, the boy was bad and needed the whipping. You can put the thought in cold storage; that is, in your brain, and pass on. But if you let the thought get into your heart—warm storage—you will begin to be sorry for the boy. A tear will come into your eye, and you will go up and ask the man not to whip the boy: "Please, mister, give him another chance." The feeling that made you sorry for the boy is what we call "senti-

ment." It is a cold thought from your brain warmed up in your heart. You should think, and think hard. Make your brain work. But you have a heart as well as a brain, and through your heart you should pass all your thinking. The warm heart will soften the edges of your thought and give you some "sentiment."

There are some people who think they should obey what the brain says, and not listen to the heart. I heard a boy who decided that he would only put "think" through his brain, and not through his heart. He was determined to be guided by reason alone and not by any sentiment. One day he did something that was wrong and that made his mother cry. He took one of her tears to his chemistry teacher, and asked him to analyze it. The teacher told him this tear was composed of phosphate of lime and soda. The boy went home and told his mother that when she cried she was wasting her lime and soda. He did not have any "sentiment." Another boy saw his mother crying, and the tear on her cheek not only went through his brain, but he let it go through his heart. His heart told him that the mother's tear was composed of love and sympathy. Putting his arms about his mother's neck he said, "Mother, I

am sorry to vex you; I will be a good boy, and not make you cry again." One boy used his brain, but not his heart. The other boy used brain and heart. Which of the boys do you like better? I am sure that you like better the boy who let his thought pass through his heart and whose sentiment prompted him to be kind to his mother.

When Christ was visiting in Bethany a woman broke a box of precious ointment, and poured it on his head. Her thought about Christ was not in her brain only, but also in her heart. Those who had no sentiment said, "Why was this waste?" They did not let the thought into their hearts. She was pouring out her love, but all they saw was the ointment. Cold brain said she was wasting the ointment. Christ told them that it was a sweet sentiment, it was no waste. The broken box became her monument. Christ said, wheresoever his Gospel is preached in all the world, this story shall be told.

I want my juniors to think about Christ. "What think ye of Christ?" But do not forget to hold your "think" in your heart until there is a tear in your eye. Your brain will tell you that Christ is the greatest man who ever lived. Your heart will tell you to love Him as your best friend and Savior.

A LITTLE TALK ON SENTIMENT

Love is a great sentiment. Do not forget that there is plenty of room in your brain and heart for both reason and sentiment. Napoleon had a big brain, and could reason out great problems. He also had a big heart and had room for sentiment. One day, when marching rapidly to a great battle, he stopped to turn over a turtle that was struggling on its back. That was a good "sentiment."

The woman who poured the ointment on Christ's head received a great reward. But she was not expecting any reward. I read in *The Christian Herald* of a girl who obtained a reward for sentiment. This young girl had nursed an aged relation, who was neglected by her other relatives. When the woman died, she left some money and an old watch. This watch was to be given to whichever one of the heirs might choose to take it instead of $500. One after another examined it, and said: "Give me the $500; the old watch rattles, but will not tick."

But the girl who had nursed the old lady said she would take the watch because it had her friend's picture in it. She was ridiculed for her sentiment, which the other relatives called foolishness. But she was given an unexpected reward for her sentiment. One day, when looking at the picture, she accidentally

touched a secret spring in the watch. It flew open, and she saw why the watch would not tick. The wheels had all been taken out. What do you suppose they had heard rattling in the watch? Not loose wheels, but beautiful diamonds, worth thousands of dollars. Each stone in the watch looked like a big tear, molded by sympathy into a precious diamond. Her sacrifice and love were not wasted.

Nine

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

"Make a chain."—Ezekiel 7:23.

IF you pass a blacksmith shop this week, I want you to "look in at the open door." Why? Because March 7 is the anniversary of the death of Elihu Burritt, the village blacksmith of New Britain, Conn. There are some facts from his life that may help in developing your life. Near the forge he kept an open book, and while blowing the bellows and heating the iron he was reading and studying. By using faithfully his spare moments he became a great scholar. He mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and almost all European languages. Then, as "the learned blacksmith," he visited the people in different parts of the world with whom he could talk, preaching "universal brotherhood." In the great Peace Congresses of Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, London and Edinburgh, he stood like a blacksmith at his anvil welding together the nations of the world in universal brotherhood. By hard work and faithful-

ness in the village blacksmith shop at New Britain, Conn., he climbed to the honor of being United States Consul at Birmingham, England. This was a long, strong chain.

While looking in at the open door of a blacksmith shop you can think of Ex-Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota, who was the son of a village blacksmith. His father was a drunkard, and, after wasting his time, died in the almshouse. His son determined to do some good in the world, and worked hard while his mother took in washing in order to keep John at school. When he was elected Governor, some one asked him how he had risen from the blacksmith shop to the Governor's palace. He answered, "I just tried to make good." One of the most beautiful paintings at the Columbian Exposition was of a blacksmith shop. In the picture you can not see the fire on the forge, but you see a boy, his face beautifully and marvelously lighted by the glow of the forge. No difference how humble your work or home may be, there is an unseen light and the glow is on your face. Do something great for God and man! Ezekiel was the preacher blacksmith. The lord told him to make a chain. He was a great preacher, and therefore I believe that he was a good

blacksmith. Will each one of you be a blacksmith, and make a chain? Do each day the best that you can in school, at home, in church work. Do more than your level best every day. Your enthusiasm will be the furnace in which you can heat each link. You can shape them on the anvil of your determination, and your will is the hammer with which you can shape and weld the links into a chain. The finished chain will be your character and strength.

I hear your answer: "I can never be like Burritt and Johnson." God says to every boy and girl, "Make a chain." It may not be a chain of iron, it may be a chain of loving deeds. "I just tried to make good." This chain of six-word links would be a good one for you to forge. Try to "make good" while working on your chain. The other day I found this story about a chain which an old blacksmith made: The blacksmith lived in a village, and his shop was near the village church. From early morning till evening each day, the people near could hear the clanging of his hammer upon the anvil, and they knew he was forging a chain. Now and then idlers dropped in to watch his work. When they saw how faithful and patient he was, and what pains he took never to leave a link until it was as nearly perfect

as he could make it, they laughed at him and told him that he would accomplish much more if he took less care.

Hearing such remarks, the old smith could only shake his head and continue doing his best, making each link as strong as if the whole chain depended upon it. At last he died, and was buried in the village churchyard. The great chain, which was found in a corner of the village blacksmith shop, was put on board a ship. It was coiled up out of the way, and for a long time no one noticed it. But there came a time in the winter when the fierce wind blew a gale. The ship toiled through the waves and strained and groaned as she obeyed her helm. To guide her three men were needed to hold her wheel. Finally, they determined to anchor her. The great chain was thrown over the side into the gloomy waves. The anchor touched bottom, and the chain grew taut and stiff as a bar of iron. Would it hold?

Every one on board anxiously repeated the question as the gale raged fiercer. If one link was weak or imperfect the chain would part, and those on board would be lost. But the chain was the work of the faithful village blacksmith, and he had wrought each link the best he could. So this awful night, when the

great test came, his workmanship defied the tempest, and when at length the sun rose and the waves were still, the vessel, with the precious lives in her, was safe. What had saved her? The chain, you say. True, but what was the quality that had been wrought into the chain? Fidelity. It was fidelity that had saved her. Do you not see that the tale of the fidelity of the old blacksmith applies to our daily character building? Link by link we fashion it, and in the hour of temptation comes the test of our workmanship. One weak link and we shall be wrecked. But if we have been faithful day by day our chain will hold, and the bark of our soul, anchored to the Rock of Ages, will ride the tempest in safety.

Ten

A SAINT DIGGING A WELL

"To the Saints."—Colossians 1:2.

WHO are saints? If this were one of your examination questions how many of you could answer it? One boy holds up his hand; he says: "Saints are a —well, saints are the—why, saints are saints." A little girl says saints are very holy men with a ring of light around their heads. The dictionary says: "Saints are holy or godly persons." Sometimes we go to the dictionary when we ought to go to the Bible. What answer does the Bible give? The Bible word that tells the meaning of saint is the one you are almost sure to miss in your spelling lesson. The word is "separate." Saints are people who are separated from those who do not love and obey God.

March 17 is St. Patrick's Day. You are smiling, and I know you are thinking of something that girls run from and that boys like to kill. Behind the smile and the snakes the real St. Patrick has been lost. He did not drive the snakes from Ireland. He did

something better than that. Do you want to know some facts about St. Patrick, and about what he did? He was born in Britain, and was of noble birth. When he was about fifteen years old, at his father's country place, he was seized by pirates and carried to Ireland and sold to strangers. He was kept in slavery for six years. After he escaped to his home in Britain, he tells us that he heard a voice in his mind. It was "the voice of the Irish," and it said: "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforward walk among us." He separated himself from his home and friends and went to Ireland to preach Christ. This separation made him a Bible saint.

St. Patrick lived in the fifth century. We are living in the twentieth century. At that time all the people on the Emerald Isle were heathen and worshiped idols. They had not so much as heard there was a Christ. The slave boy's life was noble and good, and his "intense faith" drew the people to him. They knew there was a God, but did not know he had sent Christ with good news for our world. Shall I tell you how these heathen tried to get a message from God? The man who wanted to get the message would take the skin off a ram or goat, and wrap himself in the skin, that had the warm blood

on it. Then he would run to a stream or waterfall and there lie down and sleep. He believed that, while by the side of the running water, he slept in this skin, his idol would talk to him and give him a message from God. His dream was his Bible.

St. Patrick had, while a boy, learned of Christ, and now saw how foolish these strange heathen customs were. He spent the remainder of his life preaching Christ to these people. He was what we call to-day a missionary. By his life and hard work he won the people from idolatry and taught them to learn the will of God from Christ. Do I hear some of you say: "How could one man convert a whole island from heathenism and change idol worshipers into Christians?" We do not have to go back to the fifth century to answer this question. I will tell you a story more wonderful than the story of the conversion of the island of Ireland.

The Rev. Dr. John G. Paton, who for forty years was a missionary to the South Sea Islands, spoke at one time in New York about his work. He told us that when he went to the South Sea Islands the people were heathen. They had never heard of Christ. One of his most interesting stories is about the well he dug. On the island there were weeks and weeks

when it did not rain. During the dry season they drank the milk of the cocoanuts—as long as it lasted. Then they would go to their idols and pray for rain. Poor people, with tongues hot from thirst, praying to dumb idols to send them rain! When the "rain-god" delayed his answer to their prayers, there was great suffering.

There had been no rain for several weeks, the cocoanuts were all gone, and the people were dying from thirst. Dr. Paton told them he was going down into the earth for rain. The people had never seen fresh water except as it came from the clouds. How could clouds be found in the earth? Dr. Paton prayed to God to help him, and then began to dig a hole in the ground. The savages supposed he was crazy. All he could persuade them to do was to pull a windlass-rope and draw up the loosened earth as he sank the well deeper and deeper. If he found fresh water they would believe he was telling the truth about Christ. If he failed, they would not believe him and would probably kill him.

After going down thirty feet he struck a spring. Down on his knees he fell, praying, tasting the water at the same time. It was pure, fresh water. The people drank and their parched tongues were

cooled. The effect was magical. The man they had laughed at was now a "prophet." He had said he would go down in the ground to "find rain," and now the people believed that all he told them about Jehovah and Jesus Christ was true. Ask your teacher to tell you the story of how the heathen in the South Sea Islands believed in Dr. Paton's God, destroyed their idols, built churches and schools, accepted God's laws and were changed from cannibals into Christians. This story will help you to understand some of the wonderful things we are told about the great missionary, St. Patrick.

Eleven

THE CHILDREN'S PALM SUNDAY

"And the Children."—Matthew 21:15.

THE first Palm Sunday was a day of great enthusiasm. Is the word "enthusiasm" too long and strong for my juniors? Then we will take it apart and let you look at it. The Greeks made this word "enthusiasm" by putting two words into one word. Their word "en" means *in* and "theos" means *God.* They joined them in one word "entheos," *God-in.* When they were very happy, and wanted to shout and rejoice, they said it was their God in them that made them happy. The English of "entheos" is "enthusiasm." When God is in our hearts we are happy, we want to shout for joy, we are enthusiastic. Now you have had a lesson in Greek.

On the first Palm Sunday morning crowds of enthusiastic men and women followed Jesus from Bethany to Jerusalem. We say men and women, for we do not read of any children being with them. I believe there were children with Christ on his way to

Jerusalem. Probably the fathers and mothers shouted so loud that the children were not heard. We know that when Christ entered the city the children were with him and were helping him. In the morning it was Palm Sunday; in the afternoon it was Hosanna Sunday. When all was going well with Christ and every one was happy, the men and women followed him, waving palm branches. In the afternoon the people who had stores and shops in God's house became very angry because Christ drove them out and upset their tables. Then we read, not of men and women, but of the children who were there to help Christ. They shouted "Hosanna to our King!" They were enthusiastic; God was in their hearts.

These children were not able to overturn the tables of the money-changers and to upset the seats of those who sold doves. But the children did help Christ by cheering him when he was doing this great work. I believe the cheers of the children made Christ stronger for the work of Palm Sunday. The wicked people were angry at the children. They knew the boys and girls were helping Christ. "Stop them! Stop them!" cried the wicked men. Christ said, "No! No!" Their cries and shouts were perfect praise. They were helping Christ. A lad helped

Christ to feed the five thousand and a little child helped him when he needed an illustration about the kingdom of heaven. The lad furnished the five loaves and two fishes, and the little child was used as a kingdom illustration. Your pastor believes Christ needed the children's encouragement when he was cleansing the temple. He needed their shouts. "And the children." He had need of them.

The boys of a certain Sunday-school were drest up in their uniforms for a parade, and the girls in their best dresses were lined along the sidewalk to see the parade. One boy cut his foot, and said to the captain: "Captain, I've cut my foot, and I can not march with the brigade to-day." "Well, George," the captain answered, "if you can not march, you can stand on the corner anyway and shout 'Hurrah!' when we come along." "Yes, I'll do that, anyway," promised George; and so, when the brigade came along, he took off his hat and shouted as loud as he could, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" When Christ was cleansing his Father's house the children were shouting, "Hosanna to the Son of David." "And the children." Three cheers for the children. They were happy.

A pretty story is related of the late Dr. Phillips

Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts. He had long been a favorite with a little girl of five, the daughter of a parishioner, and she was always delighted if she happened to meet him when out for a walk. The day the Bishop died her mother came into the room where the child was playing and, holding the bright little face between her hands, said, tearfully, "Bishop Brooks has gone to heaven." "Oh, mamma," was the reply, "How happy the angels will be!" Christ made not the angels only, but the children in heaven happy when he went back to them. One reason Christ loved the children so much on earth was because they reminded him of the children in heaven. You will find what I mean in the following story:

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engine-driver, as he plied his oilcan about and under his machine. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slackened up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty

rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled onto the track. In ten seconds more it would all have been over. After reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman laughed and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog, holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried. She reminded me of a dear little girl in my far-away home." The children's Palm Sunday! God bless our children! Christ loves them and needs them, every one.

Twelve

THE CHILDREN'S EASTER SUNDAY

"If a man die, shall he live again?"—Job 14:14.

EASTER is a celebration of the resurrection of Christ. The day when we all are glad, and rejoice because Christ rose from the grave. He was dead, but now lives. Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice! When Christ was on earth he brought the dead back to life. Were they all grown people, who had spent a long life working for Christ? No, no, they were not all grown people. One was a little maid in her shroud, one was a young man in his coffin, and one was a man in his tomb. Children, young people and grown people, all are to rise from their graves. After Christ was crucified and buried he rose from the tomb. That made it sure that we will rise.

Easter means that we are to have another life after this one. When you see the Easter flowers, and hear the Easter music, do you ever ask: "If a boy die, shall he live again?" "If a girl die, shall she live again?" God tells you "Yes," and he wants you to

think "Yes." Have you done any thinking about it? Do not be afraid to think. Here is how Dick and Mary did some thinking. While looking for shells on the beach one morning, they found a dead bird. Some one had shot it. They looked at the feathered body curiously and pitifully. "Mary," said Dick, "when we die, we'll look like that. How does anybody know there's any more of us than of a bird?" "What a curious boy you are!" said Mary; "how should I know?" Dick picked up the dead bird, then caught sight of his teacher coming toward them. He ran to her with his question. "Well, Dick," said she, "suppose you had been shot, and were lying on the sands, and this bird had passed over you, would it have stopt to pity you, or wonder who shot you and if you had gone to heaven?" "I suppose not," said Dick. "Then there is something in you that can love and be sorry, and wonder and ask questions, that the bird does not have. That's the part of you that is not like the bird, and will live forever." Dick and Mary buried the bird in the sand, but they never forgot why they were different from the bird and more precious to Jesus because they had a spirit that would go to God.

I can almost hear you say, "If I die, how is it

possible for me to live again?" In *Child Garden* I read a story in which you can find an answer to your question. One day, when Manette was visiting her grandpa, she found a great worm lying in the path. It was as long as her grandpa's forefinger, and was as big around as his thumb. It was a light green color, with queer, bright-colored knobs or bumps all over it. It was so ugly Manette was afraid of it; but her grandpa lifted it between two sticks and put it into a pasteboard box, with a piece of glass for a cover. He then carried it into an upper room, which was not much used. His little granddaughter wondered and asked questions. "The worm is sleepy, and so I have made it a bed, and by and by it will make itself a blanket," grandpa said. "Oh, grandpa, can it, really? How can a worm make a blanket?" It weaves it, dearie, somewhat as a spider weaves its web. It will take a good while; you must watch and be patient."

Manette went every day to look at the worm, and after what seemed to her a long time one day she saw some fine threads from the worm to the glass. Every day there were more threads, until at last Manette could not see the worm at all. "He has covered himself all up, grandpa. Is the blanket

finished now?" she asked. "Yes, and now the worm will sleep all winter, and when he awakes in the spring I don't believe you will recognize him." When Manette's visit was over, her grandpa gave her the box, carefully done up in paper, and told her to lift the cover off when she reached home. So she did, and found the worm snugly wrapped in its odd bedclothes, fastened tight to the glass. Her mamma leaned the glass against the wall, above the mantel in the library, and there it stayed all winter, and Manette stood and looked at it just as we go and look at the grave of our loved ones.

But one day in the early spring a very wonderful thing happened. Manette was playing in the yard when her mamma called her. She ran into the library, and there on the edge of the mantel was the most beautiful, gorgeous, golden-yellow butterfly! "Oh, mamma," she whispered, "did it fly in through the window, do you think?" "No, dear; it crept out of its winter blanket." And then her mamma showed her the cocoon, as she called the blanket which the worm had made. There was a hole at one end, and out of that the ugly green worm, changed into a fairy-like insect, had crept to spend its second summer floating in the air and sipping sweets from flowers.

"It's just as grandpa told me," Manette said; "I never would have known it."

How much more beautiful was the butterfly than the worm! One crept along the earth and burrowed under the ground, the other walked on the flowers and floated in the air. It was the same worm that slept and woke. Slept as a worm and rose as a butterfly. We now live on earth, some day we are to live in heaven. Our word cemetery means a sleeping place. The children's Easter Sunday. Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

Thirteen

ALL FOOL'S DAY

"I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly."—Psalm 75:4.

FOOLISHNESS is bound up in the heart of a child. Bound up in every heart, but tied in a bow-knot. It is sure to get loose for a fun-burst on April first. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Three cheers for the one day when juniors can get fun on the run. When you boys are old enough to vote, I hope you will make April 1 a national holiday. A day off for sport is the best medicine in the world for that tired feeling. I wish we could make April jokes like skyrockets. Jokes that would burst like a rocket and send out stars and bouquets of laughter. Jokes that girls, as well as boys, can enjoy. A holiday for all, like Labor Day in the fall.

Our text says fools should not deal foolishly. The fool by dealing foolishly tells every one that he is a fool. What do you think of this? In 1719 Peter the Great of Russia introduced the April Fool custom. On the open square in front of his palace, at

St. Petersburg, he piled a great quantity of wood, and covered it with oil and tar. Early in the morning of April 1 he set it on fire. The flames shot up high in the air, and it looked from a distance as if the palace and the entire city were aflame. People came from all sides, some of the peasantry traveling miles in their sleighs to put out the fire. When finally they reached the palace, they were met by troops formed up round the square. "Mutton-heads! Swine! Donkeys!" the soldiers shouted. "Fall back, by order of the Czar! Fall back! Can't you understand that the Little Father has fooled you? It is the 1st of April to-day." You think the Czar and soldiers were dealing foolishly? You are certainly right in your "think." The poor people would be unhappy all day. Then some time, when there was a fire, and they were needed, no one would go. They would think some one was fooling them again.

I have a better plan for April Fool's Day fun. A plan that will give you a great sport and will not make any one unhappy. If I tell you my plan you may forget it, but if you must hunt until you find it then you will remember. In a story I once read I will hide my plan. You must think, think, think, hunt, hunt, hunt, until you find what I have hid

under its lid. The story is about a little girl and her Aunt Helen. "This is your third guess, Aunt Helen; you can't guess why I'm so happy," and Ruth nestled farther down into her little white bed. No one needed to guess that she was happy—her dancing eyes told that; but why, that was what Aunt Helen had made two wrong guesses on already. She had guessed that it was because she was staying a week with her grandmother and aunt, but Ruth had shaken her curly head vigorously. "Partly that, of course," she said, "but that's not it."

The next thing Aunt Helen guessed was the new ring, with three tiny pearls in it, which Uncle Jack had given her. Ruth told her she was wrong. There was one more chance, but Aunt Helen knew so many things which might make such a merry little girl as Ruth happy that she gave up trying to guess any particular one. "I give it up," she said. "Well," Ruth began, "you never could have guessed if you tried all night, so I'll tell you. It is because I played an April Fool on somebody to-day." "April Fool!" Aunt Helen certainly was surprized. "You know Mr. Dobbs?" Yes, Aunt Helen knew, and she looked very grave. She had known Mr. Dobbs when he was a tall, strong man, before the accident which had

crippled him for life. She did not think that Ruth could have been doing anything that might bother him. "You know he passes here every day, making his wheel-chair go with that handle he works back and forth?" Yes, Aunt Helen knew. "Well, when I see him coming I hide behind the little tree in the corner of the yard. Just as soon as he is past, I slip out behind and begin to push, and I push till he's clear up that little hill."

Aunt Helen put her arms around Ruth. "I think that is a splendid April Fool joke," she said. "But wait, let me tell you the rest," Ruth went on, squirming from her aunt's embrace. "The funniest part is to hear him wonder why his chair goes so easy. He talks to himself, and I almost laugh out loud to hear him. 'What ails my chair?' he'll say; 'it acts as if it had feet instead of wheels.' And pretty soon he'll say, 'Dear me! am I going crazy? It looks to me as if it was up-hill, but from the way I'm going it must be down-hill.' Oh, it's more fun than anything I ever did; and when I go home Harold Tompkins is going to keep on fooling him. Wouldn't he be the most s'prized man in the world if he ever did find it out?" Aunt Helen tucked the covers around the happy little girl. "I wish all April Fools could be as

splendid as that, dear," she said softly. That night Ruth laughed in her sleep.

I have seen our dear friend, Dr. Louis Klopsch, make hundreds of children happy, oh, so happy; but I never saw him deal foolishly with them. His happiness lifted them almost to heaven. He knew how to make April Fool's Day a wise day of real happiness.

Fourteen

A GOLDEN SPOON

"One spoon of gold."—Numbers 7:20.

HE loved God and little children. One day he heard of a poor child who had diphtheria. The little one was near death. It would not take medicine. He was soon by the bedside. "I will give you a gold spoon, if you will take the medicine." The child asked with tongue and eyes: "A real gold spoon, and all my own?" Out he rushed, and soon returned with a beautiful gold spoon. Into his arms he lifted the child, and the taste of the medicine was lost in the sight of the golden spoon. You want to know the man's name. I want to write his name—Louis Klopsch—on your heart.

The chapter in which you find the text, "One spoon of gold," tells of the offerings the princes made to God when the temple was dedicated. "Nethaneel, the son of Zuar, prince of Issachar, did offer." Then follows the long list of his princely gifts, and among

them is "One spoon of gold." In God's memory book I imagine this record: "Louis Klopsch, the son of Dr. Osmar Klopsch, prince of Christians, did offer." In the long list of his offerings I am sure will be found "one spoon of gold." The sick-room of the little child was a temple, the golden spoon was an altar, and the medicine was a sweet incense before God.

In the winter of 1892-93 there were 100,000 people idle in the city of New York. Dr. Klopsch, who, as a Sunday-school teacher, had been visiting the poor and giving them one-tenth of his income, now started a relief fund. During the winter he furnished 1,200 families with food. It was at this time he found the little child dying with diphtheria and saved its life with the golden spoon. His next thought was to establish a summer home, where children could find the health and happiness God wanted them to enjoy. The result of his heart-effort is Mont-Lawn. The golden-spoon child was one of the first to be taken to the home. So useful was she in making the home bright and cheerful that Dr. Klopsch kept her as a little helper during the entire summer.

Some one might have said, "Why was not this golden spoon sold and the money given to the poor?" It was the extravagance of love, and wherever the

history of Mont-Lawn is told this story of the golden spoon should be heard. The golden spoon is now the sixty-thousand-dollar Mont-Lawn, where three thousand children every summer are made strong enough to resist disease. Since Mont-Lawn was opened 40,000 children have found health, happiness and heaven.

In the summer of 1909, I left the train at Nyack and drove up the mountain side with Dr. Klopsch. The beautiful country of mountains and valleys, meadows and harvest fields slowly unfolded before us. At a turn in the road Mont-Lawn, like heaven let down on earth, was before us. As we drove through the great stone archway, over which is inscribed in letters of gold, "I Love God and Little Children," there was a surprize I shall never forget. The children, crowding upon the terrace to greet Dr. Klopsch, sang out:

> Mont-Lawn, Mont-Lawn, here we are!
> Mont-Lawn, Mont-Lawn, 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah!

I did not see Dr. Klopsch again until noon; the children claimed him. During his absence I visited the cottage dormitories, with their snow-white beds; the Homestead, with its offices and resting-rooms; the

playgrounds, shaded by great trees, beautified by flowers and fountains, and cut by walks made more beautiful by footprints of children. From the tower, above the dining-hall, we heard the "Westminster chimes."

It was dinner hour at Mont-Lawn. The children came in companies, as bright and happy as angels and as clean and orderly as soldiers on dress-parade. They sang "grace,"

> God is great and God is good,
> And we thank Him for our food;
> By His hand must all be fed,
> Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen.

and then ate graciously. Poor children from the crowded tenements of New York, cleanly and neatly drest, seated at tables beautifully provided with wholesome food, well cooked. In this dining-hall I saw three hundred and twenty-five spoons, each one in the hand of a child, spoons rising and falling, up full and down empty. They were ordinary spoons, but in the sight of God they were extraordinary. One spoon of gold transformed into three hundred and twenty-five. Medicine spoons no longer needed, food spoons enjoyed! From the spacious dining-hall the children could see the Hud-

son river, like a silver cord binding the mountains and valleys into a paradise.

After dinner they went out to worship, play around the flower beds and fountains, across the lawn and up the mountain side. At three o'clock the chimes were again heard, and the Children's Temple was soon crowded with a happy congregation of children. In carriages, automobiles and walking came visitors from Nyack and the surrounding country to enjoy the children's worship. The singing was something wonderful, and was followed by a prayer hush like majesty resting on the mountain. The more than three hundred children who in the morning crowded about our carriages to greet and welcome Dr. Klopsch, now thronged the Children's Temple and were led by him in the worship of God. This unique Temple, built for children from Dr. Klopsch's plans and purse, is the crown jewel of Mont-Lawn.

During the summer Dr. Klopsch lived at Tarrytown. Every morning he would look across the river to Mont-Lawn to see if the flag was floating. It signaled the message, "All is well." From his deathbed he left the request that this work, nearest and dearest to his heart, should be continued. He

also requested to be buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

During the summer the children can look out over the Hudson River to where their friend sleepeth. Every night, when they kneel by the bedside, there will be prayers of thanksgiving for the memory of Dr. Klopsch.

Fifteen

A LITTLE BROWN BED

"I sleep, but my heart waketh."—Solomon's Song 5:2.

WHEN a flower begins to droop and hang its head it is getting sleepy. How snugly it rolls itself up in a little brown bed you call a seed. "As snug as a bug in a rug," the flower sleeps all winter. What you call "spring," the season after winter, is "Mother Nature" going from bed to bed to wake her little flower friends. She lifts the shades of winter and lets in the light. If they do not wake, she sprinkles rain on them. Some are easy to wake, and they get right up; others are very sleepy, and dear old spring has to be very patient. Sound asleep, but way down in the seed is life, and it hears the call. They sleep, but the seed-heart waketh. Some one whose name I do not know, a friend of "Mother Nature," says:

Far down in Mother Earth a tiny seed was sleeping, safely wrapt in a warm bed. The little seed had been asleep for a long time, and now some one

thought it was time for the seed to wake up. This some one was an earthworm, that lived close by. When the worm saw this little seed still sleeping he cried: "Oh, you lazy fellow, wake up! Your little friends are awake and you have slept long enough."

"But how can I grow or move at all in this tight, brown sleeping-gown?" said the seed, in a drowsy tone.

"Why, push it off; that's the way the other seeds have done."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the seed. "What shall I do? I am so sleepy I can't keep awake any longer," and he fell asleep again.

At last he awoke, and found Mother Nature throwing water in his face. Then he felt so warm and happy that he cried: "I really believe I am going to grow after all. Who woke me up and helped me out of bed?"

"I woke you," said a soft voice close by. "I am a sunbeam. Mother Nature sent me to wake you, and my friends, the raindrops, washed the sleep out of your eyes."

"Oh, thank you," said the seed; "you're all very kind. Will you help me to grow into a plant, too?"

"Yes," said the sunbeam, "I'll come as often as I

can to help you, and the raindrops will come, too. If you work hard, with our help, you will become a beautiful plant, I'm sure."

"But," said the seed, "how did you know that I was sleeping here? Could you see me?"

"No," said the sunbeam, "But Mother Nature saw you. She called the raindrops to her and said: 'One of my seed-children is sleeping down there. Go down and help him, and tell the sunbeam to follow you, so that the seed may begin to grow.' "

"How kind she is," said the seed; "if she had not seen me sleeping here I should have slept on, and on, slept forever in my little brown bed. How did Mother Nature know I was here?

"She is a servant of God, who knows all things."

"How can I thank Him?" said the seed. "What can I do that will please Him very much?"

"Grow into the best plant that you possibly can," said the sunbeam; "that will please God most of all."

So the seed grew into a beautiful vine. He climbed higher and higher toward the heavens, from which the Father smiled down upon him to reward his labor.

There is some one more beautiful and valuable than a flower, that droops after a long day and wants to sleep. Some one who needs sleep more than the seed

needs it, and who says, "Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep." This some one is a little child.

Before going to sleep you should say, "In the morning wake me from sleep, mother, wake me from sleep." How often you would be late for breakfast, late for school, late for church, if mother did not wake you.

What part of you wakes up the rest of you when mother calls? It is the part that keeps on thinking while you sleep. What does our text say? "I sleep, but my heart waketh." It is that part that will never sleep. What we call death the Bible calls sleep. There is a beautiful story in the Gospel by Matthew. You will find it in the ninth chapter. A man came to Christ and told him that his dear little girl was dead. Christ went home with the father, and when he saw the little girl he said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." The people laughed at Christ, and told him the little girl was dead. Christ just woke her up, took her by the hand, and she arose. She was only asleep. The word "cemetery" means sleeping place. As Mother Spring wakes the seed, and your mother wakes you, so our greatest friend, Christ, will some day wake all who sleep, all who are called dead. Listen! "My beloved spake, and said unto

me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Would it not be splendid to write on the tomb, "I sleep, but my heart waketh."

Sixteen

KEEP OFF THIS SEAT

"Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."—Psalm 1:1.

DO you know the first word of the first Psalm? To say the word you must bring your lips together and then open your mouth to let it out. The word is *blessed*. You close your lips, and begin to say it as tho you wanted to keep it. Then you open your mouth and send it out round and full. This is the first fact to remember about the word blest. It is half for you and half for others. You always keep a blessing by giving a blessing. In the Hebrew it is a plural noun, "*ashrey*," and is difficult to say in English. It is blessednesses. God just packed the Hebrew full of blessednesses. Do I hear you ask what blest means? It means happy. It is happy packed full of happiness. This is your first lesson in Hebrew.

In this Psalm God is telling you how to get true happiness. If you want to be happy God tells you three things you must do. Not something very hard

to do, but just three things you are not to do. You must not walk in the company of ungodly people. You must not stand with sinners. You must not sit in the seat of the scornful. Walking, standing, sitting. If you take a walk with a bad companion, you will soon be standing on the street corner with him, and with other bad companions. Then it will not be long until you will be sitting together as great friends. The seat will be the scorner's chair. Keep off this seat! The scorner's seat is the unhappy chair. Look at the other three words: ungodly, sinners, scornful. An ungodly person is one who has no reverence for God. Those who have no reverence for God soon become sinners. Then when they become sinners they become scornful. If you want to be happy, you must keep off the scorner's seat. You do not know what "scorner" means? It is that mean something that gets into your thoughts and turns up your nose. It is showing contempt for those you think are not as good as you are. Those you think do not know as much as you know. They are persons whom God may know are better than the one who scorns them. A story will explain the word scornful.

One day a beautiful young girl rustled into one

of New York's old-fashioned horse-cars, and Satan gave her the seat of the scornful. Her dress, of pure white serge, was fresh from the dressmaker's and looked beautiful and dainty. Her little gloved hand held a parasol, tied with a knot of yellow ribbon. It made you think of a great white lily with a golden center. The car was crowded and among the passengers were some of those Italian laborers that are now doing the rough work of our great cities.

"I think it is dreadful," she scornfully whispered to her companion. "Why don't the company refuse to let such creatures on the cars? or, if they must ride, I should think they could stand on the platform. He will ruin my dress if I touch him. Just see how he stares at me."

And so he did, his great eyes glistening and softening as they fell on the girl's fair beauty; and then he arose, and, leaning forward to catch the strap, fairly bent over her. The girl grew restive. She was very, very scornful, and turned up her nose as he arose.

"I am sure he is very impertinent," she said, with added scorn, and when the conductor came she motioned him. "Won't you make this man move?" she said.

"Move up!" ordered the conductor. The words were said in a quick, sharp, scornful tone. "Yes," the Italian answered; "but see ze oil! Ze bootiful lady, see!"

The lady looked up, and there saw the oil lamp had sprung a leak, and would have dript all over her had not this man seen it, and, stretching out his arms above her, formed an umbrella, which had perfectly protected her beautiful dress and hat.

A guilty blush came into her face as she bowed her thanks to him, and murmured to her friend, "It makes me ashamed to think while I was scorning him, and he knew it, he should have taken such pains for me. It's a lesson I will not soon forget, that this poor laborer has a better soul than I have. I'll never again be scornful to any one." She will never again sit in the seat of the scornful.

She had walked with proud people, then she stood and talked with them, and now she was sitting with them in the scorner's seat. When she found how unhappy she was in the scorner's seat she said, "I will never again sit in it." The dictionary will tell you that the "scorner" is one who holds religion and religious things in contempt—a person who laughs at you for being Christian boys and girls. Your father

and mother call scorners bad companions. I read of a little girl who made the seat of a scorner very uncomfortable. She was reading her Bible when a scorner said, "Beatrice, you can't understand that book, and it is not true." Looking at her she said, "There is one thing in the Bible that you make me think is true." "Well, what can that be?" Looking not only at her, but clear through her, she answered, "The Bible says, 'In the last days shall come scoffers,' and you talk like one of them."

Memorize these words: "Blessed is the man (or the boy or girl) that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Keep off the seat of the scornful!

Seventeen

MOTHER'S DAY

"His mother made him a little coat."—I Samuel 2:19.

MOTHER sews love into all the seams. Happy is the child whose mother makes the little coat. It may not fit as well as the tailor-made one, but it surely looks more like the child who wears it. A tailor-made coat keeps the body warm; a mother-made coat keeps the heart warm. A tailor-made coat is worn out and forgotten, but the mother-made coat is worn on the memory even unto old age and never wears out. There is a beautiful story about a mother whose name was Hannah. She gave the greatest gift she had to God. The gift was her little boy Samuel. How did she give him to God? She took him to God's temple and left him there to serve God as long as he lived. Once a year she visited him and each time took him a new coat that she made with her own hands and heart. Ask your mother to tell you about the coat Hannah made for her little boy Samuel.

Some one has said that the three best words in the

English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven. You can fold all three into one big word, Mother. It is mother who makes the word House spell Home; and Mother and Home are Heaven on earth. There is, therefore, just one best word; it is MOTHER. An old fable represents Atlas holding the world on his shoulders. A great sculptor has given the world a new statue representing Atlas as a mother supporting the world. Here is what Dr. Parkhurst writes about it:

> The right arm seems extended to its utmost reach, as tho yearning to throw its clasp clear around the precious burden, while the other arm lays itself up against the globe in a sort of half caress. The instant impression produced is that of the clinging affectionateness of sustaining motherhood. There is just enough evidence of strain in the right arm and in the slightly drawn muscles of the back to indicate that, altho it is a love-task that she is committed to, it is still a task, and involving that same kind of self-expenditure that is the price at which all perfect service has to be rendered.
>
> In the entire posture—which is not so much posture as action—there is symbolized the idea of mother-love tinged with hope and purpose, as the means of the great world's uplift. She is, however, upon bended knee, and her achievement made holy by the devoutness of her intent and aspiration. Altho a work of love, and due to the artist's devotion to his own mother, it is still a marketable product, and has already been sold for $10.000.

It is mother who lifts and holds the world. Some

of these words in the story of Mother Atlas have too many letters. Ask mother to put a tuck in the long words. As your mind grows you can let out the tucks, one each year. The second Sunday in May is Mother's Day. One day set apart for every person to think and talk about mother. If mother is with us this is the day to plant tulips where she smiles. If mother is dead, we will plant flowers on her grave. Mother's Day, the best day in all the year.

Did I hear you sing, "Tell me a new, new story of mother and her love"? Here is one I read in *Little Folks*, that is new to me. It is called "The Loving Game." It was a pretty game that Aunt Rose and little Harry used to play together. When Harry would put up his tiny finger and say, "I can beat you lovin'!" Aunt Rose would say, "Oh, no, you can't!" Then she would put her thinking cap on and begin, "I love you more than a bushel of pennies!"

Quick as a flesh, Harry would say, "I love you more than two bags of big dollars!"

Then Aunt Rose would say, "I love you longer than seven Sundays!"

A shake of that tiny forefinger, and Harry would answer, "But I love you longer than ten Christmases!"

"I love you clear round the block!" Aunt Rose would say.

"And I love you all over the park!" Harry would assert.

"I love you as high as this house!" Aunt Rose would declare.

"And I love you to the top of the church steeple!" Harry would say.

"I love you as deep as a well!"

"Pooh! I love you to the bottom of the lake!"

And so they would go on.

But one day, Harry had a bright thought. After he had loved to the bottom of the ocean and down into the middle of the earth, and to the top of the mountains and way up into the sky, he began to caper about and clap his hands. "I've got you!" "I've got you!" he shouted.

Then with shining eyes he said, "I love you more than my mamma loves me!" Thereupon Aunt Rose gave it up; there was nothing, she thought, beyond that.

The children's pastor thinks Aunt Rose had another guess. She could have told Harry that she tried to love him as much as God loved him. This is the greatest love. If the sculptor had represented

Mother Atlas as lifting her children on the world into the arms of God the statue would be complete. God loves every child better than mother loves her child. Hannah knew this and took little Samuel, whom she loved better than she loved herself, and gave him back to God.

Let us all sing "the old, old story of Jesus and his love."

Eighteen

GRANT'S BIRTHDAY

"Above all things, swear not."—James 5:12.

SWEARING is a great waste of time. Stop the leak in the kettle. This kettle is an hour with sixty drops of time in it. If there is a leak in the kettle the little drops of time will be lost. Sixty drops and the hour-kettle is empty. Swearing is a bad habit and will surely wear a hole in the kettle. It is difficult to swear without getting angry. Sometimes the kettle is emptied before the hole is made. How? Anger starts the kettle boiling and time runs over and is lost. Swearing is a great waste of time! In sixty minutes of temper an hour has run over.

April 27 is Grant's birthday. Some one told the following interesting story about him. "While sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him: 'General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the trouble of army service and frontier life and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation.'

" 'Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear,' he replied. 'When a boy, I used to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to arouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact, I never could see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time.' "

When you read this to your uncle he may say, "If General Grant had been provoked as I often am, I think he would have sworn." Just tell uncle this story and ask him if General Grant did not have some reason now and then to have a provoke:

"After he had served the nation as its President, General Grant was in New York when the Masonic Temple was burned. The fire-line was drawn half way down the block, but the great, surging crowds hampered the work. A policeman stationed below failed to recognize the ex-President as he approached the line, and quickly grabbing him by the collar, he swung him around in the other direction, yelling at him as he gave him a whack with his club: 'Here,

what's the matter with you? Don't you see the fire-line? Chase yourself out of here, and be quick about it.' "

The General did not swear, but just hurried out of the crowd and began to attend to his own business. Swearing would have been a great waste of time.

Other great men tell us that swearing is more than a waste of time; it destroys the kettle.

General Washington, in an order issued August 3, 1776, said: "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practise of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven on our army if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it." Swearing is a great waste of character!

James says: "But above all things, my brethren (and my Juniors), swear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay; lest ye

fall into condemnation." Swearing is a great loss of soul! James asks you to be specially watchful against the habit of swearing. "Above all things"—that is, you will find it more difficult to keep from this sin than it is to keep from many other sins.

If Satan can not get a boy or girl to swear with the tongue, he will try to get a swear through the hands or feet. Slamming a door when you are mad is hand-swearing. When you have been corrected and go out of the room as tho each step would put holes in the floor you are foot-swearing. Sometimes a swear spreads over the face like a cloud across the sky. Swearing is a great loss of happiness!

Will my Juniors celebrate Grant's birthday by resolving never to swear? Do not forget that swearing is a great waster.

You really want a story? I never tell a swear-story, but here is one that may help you to remember our thought about swearing: A long, long time ago in the summer time a man was stung in the face by a bee. This made him mad, and he swore and swore and then swore again. The swear was so hot that his kettle of time boiled over and he wasted half an hour swearing at the bee. A friend who was sorry to hear him swear, said: "Jim, I am sorry for you.

I think that bee might have stung you in a better place." Again the kettle boiled over. "Where might it have stung me?" asked the swearer. "Why, it would have been better for you if it had stung you on the tip of the tongue." Read the third chapter of James and then think of the need of a bee on the tip of the tongue.

Nineteen

PEACE DAY

"Blessed are the peacemakers."—Matthew 5:9.

IN the library of a New York merchant, David L. Dodge, the world's first peace society came into existence. May 18 is known as "Peace Day." A day when we are to think and talk about peace more than any other subject. A Lord's Day near Peace Day is Whit Sunday. You do not know what Whit Sunday is? It is the day when many churches celebrate the coming of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. The Holy Spirit and Peace Day! How glad we should be to celebrate both days in the same week! The Children's Pastor hopes that soon each day of the three hundred and sixty-five days of each and every year will be known as Peace Day, and on every Lord's Day we will celebrate the coming of the Holy Spirit.

Here is the wrong way to be a peacemaker. A missionary was praying and talking with an Indian chief who was dying. The missionary said: "You

have been in many wars, but now before you die you should forgive all your enemies and be at peace with them." The answer was: "I am at peace with my enemies, for I have killed all of them." Some one has called this "graveyard peace." Over their graves we could not write: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Here is the right way to be a peacemaker: "I was a peacemaker to-day," said little Amy. Her mother asked: "What makes you think so?" "'Cause there was something I didn't tell," replied Amy. This is one of the best ways in the world of being a peacemaker. Right there and then Amy became one of the "children of God." 'Cause there was something she didn't tell.

Another way to be a peacemaker is by forgiving those who talk too much. Can you forgive those who say mean things about you?

A story is told of Peter Miller, a plain Baptist preacher of Ephrata, Pa., in the days of the Revolutionary War. Near his church lived a man who abused the pastor in every possible way. This man was arrested for treason; that is, for not being true to his country. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Peter Miller, the old preacher, started out on foot and walked the whole

seventy miles to Philadelphia that he might plead for the man's life. Washington heard his plea, but he said: "No, your plea for your friend can not be granted." "My friend!" said the preacher; " he is the worst enemy I have." "What!" said Washington; "you have walked nearly seventy miles to save the life of your enemy? That puts the matter in a different light. I will grant the pardon."

The pardon was made out and given to Miller, and he at once started to walk to a village fifteen miles off, where the execution was to take place that afternoon. He arrived just as the man was being taken to the scaffold. The condemned man, as he looked out over the crowd, saw Peter Miller coming up, and he said: "There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge by seeing me hanged." He had scarcely said the words when the pardon was presented by the dear old preacher of peace. The life of the traitor was spared, and the preacher proved he was a child of God. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Shall I tell you a story in which to hold the sermon? On the peak of the Andes Mountains, fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea and on the line which marks the boundary between the

republics of Argentina and Chile, has been erected one of the most striking monuments in the world. For more than a century the boundary line between Argentina and Chile has been in dispute. (Get your maps and find these countries.) A wise man who loved peace proposed that the dispute be settled by arbitration. (Turn to your dictionary and learn the meaning of arbitration.) The two governments agreed to ask the King of England to be their arbitrator. The King worked hard and drew a line of separation that made all happy. So very happy were they to be at peace that all agreed to settle by arbitration all their disputes for the next five years. Soon they found that they did not need so many soldiers and many of them were sent home to work and care for their families. Boys and girls shouted for joy when fathers came marching home. Several large battleships were soon sold and the money was used for building docks. The two nations, growing in wealth and strength, bid fair to outstrip all the countries of the South American continent.

These Spanish-Americans have warm hearts and great love for peace. When they sign a treaty they are not satisfied to tie a piece of red tape around the peace papers and lock them up in a vault of the State

Department. That might do for North Americans, but to them it seems a very dull and stupid way. To let all the world know that they are at peace they have made a colossal statue of Christ, twenty-six feet high, and standing on a granite hemisphere symbolizing the world. This they set up upon the Andean peak, three miles above the level of the Pacific Ocean. Into the pedestal they cut an inscription in Spanish, which, being interpreted, reads: "These mountains will crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to keep." Peace Day is a good time to tell this story to your friends.

Twenty

APPLE BLOSSOM SUNDAY

"I raised thee up under the apple tree."—Solomon's Song 8:5.

AN apple orchard in blossom is one of the most beautiful sights on all this earth. I hope my Juniors are all enjoying this beautiful world made more beautiful by apple blossoms. If you had known you were going to visit this world what would you have brought with you? God knew you were coming and he sent with you the three things you need most for a happy visit. First, a portable house, called a body, in which to live. It is built to last from seventy to one hundred years. Second, an intellect to help you to enjoy the world and the people you are visiting. It shows you how to see and enjoy the best things in the world. Third, a spirit that keeps you from getting lost in this world. This spirit tells you to enjoy this life, but not to forget that the world from which you came, and to which you can return, is more beautiful than this one.

Had you known you were coming, what birthday

gift would you have selected? A small boy said, after his mother had punished him: "If I had been given the choice of a mother, I would have taken grandma, she is so good to me." When he grew old he knew better. There is no friend like mother. What would have been your choice of a birthplace? Would you have selected the city or the country? Our text answers the question as I would answer it. It tells of the beautiful birthplace of a little girl. "I raised thee up under the apple-tree." The apple-tree probably grew by the corner of the house where she was born. This text is part of a wonderful song-story. With her husband she had gone back as a bride to the old home. He pointed to the apple-tree under which she was born; the same apple tree under whose shade they had often sat, and where he had told her of his love. Do you wish you had been born under an apple-tree? You can if you will. The Bible says you must be born again, born a second time. You can select your second birthplace. The Bible says Christ is like an apple-tree. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." To be a child of God you must be born again, born in the likeness of Christ. Our Christ is the tree of life. To be raised up under his love is

what God means by, "I raised thee up under the apple-tree." Possibly, when your visit to this world is ended and you return home to heaven, you will sit down under the shade of a tree by the river of life and talk to Christ about his love. I hope the tree of life in Paradise will be like an apple tree in blossom.

Apple blossoms are beautiful, but there is something more useful to follow. After the blossoms come the apples. Apples are blossoms filled with fragrance, sunshine, nectar, and colors from the rainbow. In Europe, before our ancestors became Christians, it was the custom when a child died to put an apple in his hand with which to play in Paradise. There is a legend that represents the Angel of Death, whose duty they believed was to separate the soul from the bodies of those who were dying, holding an apple close to the one who is about to depart from life. This, in order that the first thing the spirit would see in the new world would be a beautiful apple. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." We as Christians expect to see Christ first in heaven. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."

It is time to close, but I must give you two minutes in order to tell you a quaint apple story. If your father and mother came from the country they will tell you how, as children, they played under the apple-trees. They put sticks for legs in big apples and set them up as animals. With a little imagination added to the apples and sticks they soon had a menagerie. This quaint play has an interesting origin. In the early days, the people of Athens had a place for worship just across the river Esopus. They took sheep across the river as a sacrifice to their gods. There came a very heavy storm and the river was so swollen that the worshipers could not take the sheep across. Some one recalled that the Greek word for sheep was the same word that meant apple. Then they put the wooden legs on the apples and offered them as a sacrifice. They used the same word and believed their gods would not know the difference. Once a year they put apples on legs and sacrificed them in commemoration of this occasion. Children playing under the apple-trees are still commemorating the old Greek sacrifice.

Christ is compared to an apple-tree, He is so beautiful. But we must not put these apple blossoms, with which our church is decorated to-day, in place

of Christ. We do not worship apple blossoms, but we use them and enjoy their great beauty as a reminder of His love. After your apple blossom service take these flowers to the sick, take arms full of them to the children's ward in the hospital. It would be fine to read to the sick while they look at the blossoms and enjoy the fragrance. In your Bible you will find apples spoken of eleven times.

Twenty-one

MEMORIAL DAY

"This day shall be unto you for a memorial."—Exodus 12:14.

MARCH! March! March! Fife and drum and bugle call. Graves covered with flowers and flags; tears in memory of past years. We know what all this means, for the thirtieth of May is Memorial Day. At first we named it Decoration Day. But we do more than decorate. We remember the bravery of our soldiers and all they did for our country. The new name, Memorial Day, is better.

What was the origin of this beautiful custom? Why do you boys and girls want to know its history? Oh! I understand. Some day it may be one of your school examination questions. Good, that is one of many things your pastor wants to do for you. If he can help you in your school work he will be very happy. Every Sunday should help you for each day of the week. Here is your answer. There is a tradition that a German soldier in our Civil War started the custom by telling that once a year the people

of his native country scattered flowers on the graves of their soldiers. The history of our Memorial Day began in 1868, when Adjutant-General Chipman talked on this subject with John A. Logan, Commander of the Grand Army. The talk got into Logan's heart, and he ordered that the 30th of May should be the day set apart "for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, or hamlet churchyard in the land."

Thirtieth day of May, Memorial Day. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for the brave boys in blue and gray!

"Over the cannon's mouth the spider weaves her web." By spinning the web over the cannon's mouth she tells us that it is time to stop war. The spider was the world's first engineer and suspension-bridge builder. Would it not be fine to have our boys in blue wheel up one of their old cannon and the boys in gray wheel up one of their old cannon and leave them close enough for the spider to spin her suspension bridge between them? While the mother spider is building the bridge the Junior spiders could spin a

beautiful web over the mouth of each cannon. On the morning of the thirtieth of May the Juniors of the North and the Juniors of the South could march around the cannons and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Early in the morning they will see something like diamonds on the web of the suspension bridge. Some one might call them dew drops—the Juniors can imagine they are tears. Imagine that nature has been crying about the brave boys in gray and the brave boys in blue, who sleep in soldiers' graves.

I have read that the humming-bird in Australia protects its home with a lightning rod. Before a thunderstorm bursts, the prudent bird covers the outside of its little nest with a spider's web. Silk is a non-conductor of electricity, and since the spider web is silk the humming-bird's nest is thereby made lightning-proof. The spider web between the cannon of the North and the cannon of the South will, let us hope, protect us from all future thunderstorms of war. Three cheers for the spider and her web!

Memorial Day will some day, let us pray, be called Peace Day. But spiders can not do all the work; Juniors must do most of the work. Each boy and girl has a responsibility. The word "responsibility,"

you think, is rather large. Yes, but like a big apple, you can break it in two. The "re" is a Latin word meaning "again," and the second part is another Latin word that means "to answer." Responsibility is therefore something for which you must some day answer. God will ask you what you have done for your country. Will you be able to say: "I have done my best?" This responsibility you can not put off. It is a part of you that can not be taken from all other parts of you. A story will help you to remember this fact. A lawyer was defending a man who was accused of house-breaking. He said: "Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open, and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense for which his right arm alone is responsible."

"That argument," said the Judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance, unscrewed his cork arm, and leaving it in

the dock, walked out. You are neither wood nor cork Juniors, but all flesh and blood.

You must put your entire life, body, mind and soul into your responsibility. No one part of you can be held responsible. Your fathers fought the battles; their children must heal the wounds and love out the scars. As every school has its colors so the Juniors should have their colors for Memorial Day. The CHILDREN'S PASTOR suggests that you adopt blue and gray for their colors. Blue will stand for true, and gray for to-day; true to the responsibilities of each and every Memorial Day.

Twenty-two

CLINGING CLIMBERS

"Blossom as the rose."—Isaiah 35:1.

THERE are many varieties of roses. In our first rose lesson we will put them all under two varieties—climbers and non-climbers. On Rose Sunday we will talk about the clinging climbers. This rose climbs and clings and then clings and climbs and buds and blooms. Each cling is a resting-place and each resting-place is a new start for another climb; each climb sending out more buds and blossoms. Some of these climbers are called perpetuals because they are constantly blooming; climbing and blooming and filling the air with fragrance. As Christ is called the Rose of Sharon, I am sure my Juniors will rejoice in being compared to roses. Juniors should be like clinging climbers. Six days for climbing and one for clinging. Sunday is clinging day. On this rest day they have a chance to cling. To what do they cling? To God's love, to His great truth, to great beliefs.

For my Juniors there is a great lesson upon the

three splendid arches spanning the doorways of the Milan Cathedral. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend: "All that pleases is but for the moment." Over another is sculptured a cross, and there are the words: "All that troubles is but for a moment." But over the great central arch are the words: "That only is important which is eternal." These three lessons I hope my Juniors will learn and teach.

Many churches have a Junior congregation and the pastor preaches to them every Sunday. The Junior congregation is the Children's Garden. Here is a beautiful story written by James H. Hill, of Salt Lake City, the city where roses grow and vine and twine and bloom:

"Early in the springtime many years ago we planted some roses in our garden. No two were alike when we planted them; no two grew the same afterward, altho we tried to give each of them the same care and attention. One especially was unlike any of the others; it seemed more frail and its branches more slender and tender. After a while, discouraged with its growth, we decided to remove it and plant a rose in its place that would do better; but a friend said: 'The fault is not the rose's, but yours—it's

a climber and needs support.' We placed a trellis over the little rose and twined its slender, clinging branches around the lower bar. Returning some days after, we found its branches swinging loosely out from the trellis, and gathering these in, we secured them to another higher bar.

"Again we returned and again found the branches hanging out and falling down. As we gathered them up, preparing to secure them to a still higher bar, we said, almost impatiently,: 'Why can't you stay on the trellis where we put you?' But the little rose seemed to say: 'Did you want me to stay where you put me? I thought you wanted me to grow. I tried hard to reach up to the next bar, but the wind blew so strong that I could not stand alone. I kept on growing and had to go somewhere.'" The gardener learned to help the rose vine to cling and swing on the trellis. Then a little higher he put another trellis bar to which it could climb.

Mr. Hill says: "Years afterwards we returned to our old home, and sitting under a beautiful vine-covered arbor we looked for the roses we had taken care of years before. Some were there strong and thrifty, others had not grown so well, a few were missing. We looked for our little rose, but could

not find it. When we inquired for it our friend said: 'Your little rose has grown so that you do not recognize it, for its branches cover this entire arbor. It's the pride of the garden.' "

Juniors are clinging climbers, and like our little rose, need to be helped over the difficult places, otherwise they will keep on growing, and with no one to help them will soon follow their own inclinations, which are usually down and out. But if the Juniors are trained on the trellis of home and church they will cling and climb and blossom as the rose.

Some day your pastor expects to be very proud of you, for he is expecting you to climb and cling, to cling and climb, until you become great men and women. Never forget, as you cling and climb, that all love the rose because it gives so much pleasure and is always pleasing.

Here is a little story in which to carry home your Rose Sunday:

"I will not give away my perfume," said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapt in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed in splendor and those who enjoyed their fragrance exclaimed at their beauty and sweetness; but the selfish bud shriveled and withered away, unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not want to sing." But when his brothers soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a flood of melody, making weary hearers forget sorrow and bless the singers, the little bird was lonesome and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets, I shall not have enough myself," said the brook. And it hoarded all its waters in a hollow place, where it formed a stagnant, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a buoyant, singing bird, and a leaping, refreshing brooklet thought on these things, and said: "If I would have and would be I must share all my goods with others; for 'to give is to live: to deny is to die.'"

Twenty-three

OUR FLAG DAY

"A very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice."—Ezekiel 33:32.

JUNE 14 is Flag Day. In the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., the records show that on Saturday, June 14, 1777, this resolution was passed: "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in blue field, representing a new constellation." We now have forty-eight stars on our flag.

Some one has said: Among the special days of the year, patriotic and religious, Flag Day has a very important place. On this day the beautiful emblem of our country is unfurled to the breeze, and proudly floats not only from the flagstaff of our public buildings and institutions, but from those of the homes of the people. It fosters greater love for the stars and stripes, and promotes, notably in the hearts of the youth of our land, the spirit of patriotism. Too much can not be made of our country's flag, and every Junior should respect it. The cus-

tom is most fitting, to stand up, uncover and cheer whenever Old Glory is unfurled.

Your pastor wants you to do more than simply take off your hat and cheer. The children should sing "The Star Spangled Banner." You have pleasant voices and it is a very lovely song. How many of you can start the song and sing the first line? Good! good! I am glad there are so many of you who can do this. Now, how many of you can sing all the verses? Not one of you! Oh, my! my! my! Just hear the answer of those who were ready to cheer. One night at Melrose Abbey your pastor and his wife were very much ashamed of a crowd of American girls. It was moonlight and midnight and a crowd had gathered by the old abbey. The Scotch folk sang their songs and asked the American girls to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." They could not sing all of the first verse. They had pleasant voices, but did not know the very lovely song. Listen to this story:

Grandma read not long ago that out of a large class in a public school which was asked to write "The Star Spangled Banner" from memory, not one scholar wrote it correctly, and few could go further than the first verse.

Every Junior who loves the flag should be able to repeat "The Star Spangled Banner" word for word from beginning to end. You should know its history and be able to say why it was written and by whom.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was written on August 14, 1814, by Francis Scott Key. Those of you who have studied history know of the war that was being carried on during that year. The British fleet was stationed at the mouth of the Potomac River, and Mr. Key under a flag of truce went there to try to obtain the release of a friend. It so happened that an attack was planned on Baltimore for the night of August 13, and Mr. Key and his truce boat were detained all night during the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Just before the darkness settled down Mr. Key had been watching our flag as it waved fearlessly in the face of peril and danger. All through the long hours of the gloomy night the heavy cannonading went on, but just before daylight it ceased. Mr. Key, who had been pacing the deck of his vessel anxiously, was eager for the first ray of morning which would disclose the result of the battle.

As the dawn broke the first object he saw was the dear old flag still proudly floating over the fort. We can believe the sight was thrilling and that under its

inspiration he readily composed the verses which, as soon as they were printed and circulated, became popular and were sung with enthusiasm all over the city. A bronze statue of Mr. Key, one hand outstretched as at the moment of discovering that "our flag was still there," the other waving his hat exultantly, stands over his grave in Frederick, Md., the city of his birth.

Now, Juniors, do you not think you all should become familiar with the words of this grand anthem? How many of you will commit them to memory? You will commit "The Star Spangled Banner" to memory if I will tell you a flag story, you say? Very well.

Philip came into the primary schoolroom one morning and informed the teacher that the flag was up.

"Is it?" said she, doubtfully.

"It certainly is, and it isn't the Fourth of July, or Washington's Birthday, or Lincoln's, and I couldn't think why the flag should be up. Why is it?" The teacher could not remember any anniversary worthy of notice by a flag-raising on that especial day.

"I don't know, I am sure," she said at last. "Go and find out and tell me." Philip hurried away.

"It's to celebrate somebody's wedding," he reported.

"Wedding?" repeated the mystified teacher. "There isn't any wedding on the whole list of our historical celebrations."

"That's what it says on the card, anyhow," insisted Philip. "It's something about a wedding."

The teacher decided that she would look for herself. What she saw on the card was as follows: "This day is the anniversary of the engagement of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*."

Do not forget your engagement to commit "The Star Spangled Banner" to memory.

Twenty-four

HANGING A PRAYER ON THE STARS

"They that go down to the sea in ships."—Psalm 107:23.

DO you pray for the sailors—"they that go down to the sea in ships?" You are to hear of how a brave sailor prayed for himself; how he wrote a prayer and hung it on the stars. Listen while Alexander Irvine tells you a story:

We were in a squall off the coast of Sicily, and the commander, a man of the old school, took advantage of it to give us a bit of rough-water drill. The order was to strike the lower yards and topmast and to clear the decks for action.

"Away, aloft!" he roared, as the wind soughed through the rigging; and a moment later I heard:

"Bear out on the yardarm!" Something went wrong in the foretop and the sailor fell to the hatchway grating below, killing a man by his fall. I stood a few feet from the grating, and it took me the best part of a day to sponge his blood out of my clothing. We buried them both that night in an old cemetery at the base of Mount Etna.

At noontime the next day we were ordered through the same evolution aloft. A lad had been promoted to the vacancy in the forecastle, and he was rather nervous. Five hundred pairs of eyes followed him as he tore aloft with the lightness of a cat.

At the crucial moment—at the sound of the order, "Bear out on the yardarm!"—he lost his nerve, dropt a hundred feet and was crusht to death on the deck.

Billy Hicks, a second-class officer, was made captain of the foretop. Billy was something of a wag. He could dance a hornpipe or sing a song and when he laughed the deck trembled.

As he stood there barefooted at the foot of the rigging awaiting the fatal order, the red blush vanished from his round face. It was ashy and pinched.

Every eye was on him, and as he sprang at the rigging, men stood from under.

There was a breathless hush as he reached the top, a full length ahead of his men. Then the order rang out over the old ship and a hundred men with the precision of a clock sprang to their places.

We were fond of Billy, and when the crisis was past we gulped down our lumps and secretly thanked

Him in the hollow of whose hand lie the seas. No one understood how Billy Hicks had been able to obey the order without falling to the deck.

Something really did happen to the new captain of the foretop that day, tho nobody knew just what it was. There was a change and we felt it. Those who stood nearest felt it most. We couldn't analyze it; he couldn't himself. I got into the secret by accident.

An officer of the *Gemaraire* came on board one day, a week or two later, to lunch with a friend. I served the lunch in the wardroom and overheard the following conversation:

"Have you a seaman by the name of Billy Hicks on board?"

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well," the officer said, smiling, "we were ten miles out at sea a few weeks ago when we noticed the signals flashing all over the heavens—electric signals. I was officer of the deck. It was about two bells in the first watch. I called my signal officer and told him to take down what he read. He pulled out his notebook, still smiling, and, spelling out the words, read:

" 'God, this is Billy Hicks! I ain't afraid of no

bloomin' man nor devil; I ain't afraid of no Davy Jones' bleedin' locker, neither. I ain't like a bawling baby afussing at his dad for sweeties. I don't ask you for no favors, but just one: This is it—when I strike the foretops to-morrow let me do it with the heart of a man what iz clean. And God, dear God, from this hear day on, giv me that feeling I usto have long ago when I nelt at my mother's nee and said, "Our Father." Good night, dear God.' "

Billy knew he would be called next day to climb to the topmast. That night while in charge of the big light signal he wrote his prayer in letters of light and hung it on the stars before his God. Love is God's flashlight with which you can send your prayer beyond the stars and hang them on the great white throne of God. Ask father or mother to tell you where to find the following beautiful sailor story:

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These are the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Twenty-five

THE CROSS ON THE ARM

Take up his cross daily."—Luke 9:23.

DID you all enjoy the sailor story in the last sermon? Did any of you think while reading about Billy Hicks climbing the mast that he was climbing a cross? The mast of a ship with its yard-arm is really a great cross uplifted from the deck. This cross was lifting Billy Hicks up toward the stars on which he had hung his prayer. Every telegraph pole is a cross over which silent and unseen messages are carried to the ends of the world. Each telegraph pole is a cross and millions of them are in line across our continent. In May, 1844, the telegraph, now so common, was used for the first time. One of the first messages ever flashed over a wire was, "What hath God wrought?" The world's great history of civilization starts at the Cross on Calvary. Have you ever thought of the unseen crosses, hundreds of them, along your pathway? Every time God's plan crosses your plan there is a cross over

which God sends a message to your soul. You plan an outing for Saturday. On Friday night father or mother tells you of some work you are to do on Saturday. The two plans are in opposite directions and your parents' plan crosses your plan near the top. Here is a cross! Our text reads: "Take up his cross daily." Are you willing to bear it cheerfully on Saturday? Do not forget that "daily" means Saturday as well as Sunday. God sees your unseen cross. Your plan is to have a good time. God says, Make some sacrifice for the benefit of others. Here is a cross you can take up daily and follow Christ.

The world honors the cross. Would you believe that even cannibals honor the cross? Here is a story that was telegraphed, sent over thousands of crosses, from Richmond, Va., to one of our New York daily papers:

"The Rev. Thomas Needham, following a sermon on 'Deliverance,' related a remarkable story of kidnapping and adventure among cannibals in a foreign land and exhibited a tattooed cross on his arm as having been the means of his deliverance.

"As a lad he was stolen and carried aboard a ship bound for a South American port. Among others

he had tattooed on his arm the figure of a cross. After a long voyage and before reaching port the captain decided to put him ashore and leave him to his fate. If they had taken him to port he would have told of how he had been stolen and made to work like a slave. Left on the shore of Patagonia, he was soon captured by the cannibals who lived on that coast.

"On being stript in preparation for a feast of the tribe, the attention of his would-be murderers was attracted to the cross tattooed on his arm. They carried him before the chief and showed him the cross on the boy's arm. He ordered that the boy be not killed, and he was afterward treated with every mark of courtesy, and the boy soon became a member of the chief's household. He remained among them for several years and learned their language and told them of Christ and His Cross. When he learned their language he found that a tradition existed among the tribesmen that a strange cross having mystic qualities had been used by the Jesuits who had once preached Christ to them. They had forgotten the message, but remembered the cross.

"Finally Mr. Needham made his escape and journeyed to Boston, where some of his relatives lived.

They failed to recognize in the tanned man the boy who had disappeared years before. A cross had saved him and he decided to hold up the cross of Christ for the salvation of the world.

"Many years afterward he was preaching in one of the lower British provinces and happened to relate this incident of how a cross had saved his life. A man came to him after the service saying that he wanted to talk to him privately. The man took the minister to his home and there on the wall showed him a picture of the very boat in which he as a boy had been carried away from home to a far-off land and left among the cannibals. The man also informed him that he was the captain of the boat which had cast him adrift. The captain stated, however, that the trip was his last; that he had become converted and that he was repentant for what he had done. The cross saved the captain."

Do the Juniors see how God's plan and the boy's plan had crossed? The boy had gone to play; this was his plan. He was stolen, put on board a ship, and made to work as a slave; this was God's plan. The two plans formed a cross. You say, "How disappointed that boy must have been!" Look at the word "disappointment" and change the first letter, "d," to

"h" and you have "His appointment." His appointed way. God's ways are not always our ways. When the boy grew to be a man he saw how God's way was the better way. On this cross, like the mast of the ship, the boy climbed close to God. Over this cross, like a telegraph pole, God sent a message to the cannibals, and by the cross laid upon the boy the captain had been saved, and by the cross the boy became a captain of Salvation.

On Sunday morning we want you all to sing:

In the cross of Christ I glory.
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Twenty-six

THE COMING FOURTH OF JULY

"On the fourth day."—Numbers 7:30.

THE Sunday before the Fourth of July is a good time to plan for a great celebration.

A good Christian Junior asks: "Is Sunday the time to plan for fire-crackers, sky-rockets, base-ball and boat rides?" Certainly not! The Fourth of July was never intended as a day for sports, but as a day for making a new start as good Americans. It is the day to read and recite the Declaration of Independence, to hear of noble deeds and great achievements. A time to learn about the men who gave us freedom and created for us a Republic.

It is one hundred and thirty-six years since the Declaration of Independence was signed. Great men made this as a valuable offering to their country. In one hundred and thirty-six years from this time, A.D. 2048, will the Juniors of that time be able to look back with pride to what you did for them? If

not, why not? There is certainly some offering you can make to your country.

July Fourth, 1776! Does July 4 of any other year tell us of offerings made to the world? Ask your teacher to tell you about July 4, 1097, when the Crusaders gained a victory for the Cross over the Crescent, and of July 4, 1215, when King John was made to sign the Magna Charta, the English forerunner of our Declaration.

Do not forget July 4, 1898, when we celebrated the great victory of the day before. Your father will tell you how the Spanish squadron, under the command of Admiral Cervera, was destroyed by our American sailor boys on July 3, fourteen years ago. I have a beautiful story for you concerning a Christlike act on that Sunday of July 3, 1898, a story that was told to the world on July 4, 1898. The story was given by an eye-witness and recently printed in the *Youth's Companion.*

The late Admiral Sampson told the story to an audience of small boys in the parlor of a social settlement house. They were ragged boys of more than one nationality, but they proudly called themselves Americans, and they had come to see and hear an American hero.

The admiral judged his audience correctly at once. He saw that they were at the impatient age, and plunged straight into his story. "I want to tell you of something that happened on my ship the morning the American fleet took the harbor of Santiago," he said, and all the wrigglers stopt wriggling.

"You all remember that battle?" Vigorous noddings from every head. "And you know my ship was late getting there?" More nods. "All round us, as we sailed in, there were signs of a Spanish defeat, wreckage, dead men, disaster. What day of the week was that?"

"Sunday!" shouted the audience as one boy.

"Yes, Sunday morning; and we always have prayers on the Admiral's ship Sunday morning. The little reading desk, or pulpit, with the cross carved on the top of it, was still standing on deck. We had gone into battle so hastily that no one had time to put the desk away. It was a little thing, easily moved about. So we sailed along, and there was death and destruction on the face of the waters. And the battle was won. But among the dead things and the burning things that floated on the water we saw a man swimming. He was a Spanish sailor, one of our enemies. He was making a struggle for his

life, but there was nothing near enough for him to cling to, and each stroke he made was fainter than the last. The shore was a long way off. According to the rules of war, we had no time to save his life; besides, he was our enemy."

The room was very still; every eye was fixt on the Admiral.

"Some of us on that side of the ship," he continued, "watched the man curiously, wondering how long he would hold out. Then all of a sudden one of our sailors picked up that little pulpit and pitched it over the side of the ship into the sea. 'Here, friend,' he cried, 'cling to that! Cling to the cross, and it'll take you safe to shore!'

"Of course the Spaniard couldn't understand those English words, but the action was unmistakable; and the last we saw of the poor fellow he was clinging tc the pulpit with its cross moving toward the shore. That's the kind of Americans you want to be, boys—the kind that sailor was aboard my ship."

Then they all stood up in the settlement parlor and sang "America" till the ceiling trembled.

Have you any offering to make to your country? How are you going to celebrate? How would it do to get all your playmates together and elect one to

read aloud the Declaration of Independence? Then tell the Admiral Sampson story. And then ask how many would be willing to try to save an enemy? What next? All resolve to be good Christians and good citizens. Then one and all sing "America," and close with three cheers for the Fourth.

Twenty-seven

THE WHITE STONE

"With the point of a diamond."—Jeremiah 17:1.

IT has been forty-one years, July 13, 1871, since the discovery of diamonds in South Africa. Do you know how these great mines were discovered? A trader stopping over night with a Dutch farmer saw the children playing with bright marbles. The trader took the white stones to Cape Town and found they were diamonds of wonderful beauty and great value. In these forty-one years about eleven tons of diamonds have been taken from the Kimberly mines. Think of eleven tons of diamonds, like eleven tons of coal, being dumped into your cellar.

Have you a diamond? If not, do you want one? "Sure!" That is the answer I expected. But I am not sure that you would be really happy if you had a dozen diamonds. Last year a little child in Jersey City had two hundred diamonds, worth a hundred thousand dollars, but they did not make him happy. You could have bought them all for a small drum and a tin horn. The father found them and not

knowing their value gave them to his boy for playthings. The child threw them away. In 1727 the people of Brazil used diamonds, white stones, as counters in playing games. In Khorasan, in 1823, Abas Mirza purchased for a trifle a 132-karat diamond from a peasant who was using it as a flint for striking fire. You would enjoy a diamond, but it would not make you really happy. Why? Because there is something making you unhappy that these diamonds can not take away. The Diamond Company of South Africa has a large room literally heaped with diamonds that looks like an Arabian Nights vision. But if you had all these and all the other diamonds in the world you could not purchase forgiveness of your sins.

Your text says the sin of Judah was written with a pen of iron and with the point of a diamond. It is sin that makes you unhappy. Sin can be written with a diamond, but it can not be taken away with a diamond. The text means that just as the old engravers used a pencil of iron with a diamond point for writing messages that were to endure, so God wrote the sin of the sinners. Did you hear where they were written? Written on their hearts. Does this mean that the Juniors have records of their

sins written on their own hearts? Then each Junior is a page in God's book of remembrance. What a wonderful book! Ask your father to tell you about the loose leaf books and ledgers. The page that can be put in or taken out without destroying the book. Every time you see a diamond just think of one in the point of an iron pen writing the sins on the heart of the sinners.

Is there no way to get the record of sin taken off your heart? The story of another white stone will answer your question. God so loved us that he sent His Son to purchase with His own life the forgiveness of our sins. Christ takes the sin leaf out of your heart-book and nails it to His cross. Ask mother to tell you all about it. When your sins are forgiven and you fight against sin and conquer, God says he will give you "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written." See Rev. 2:17. This white stone with the new name will make you happy. The only white stone that can make any one really happy. This White Stone was discovered on Calvary twenty centuries ago.

You want me to tell you a diamond story? You shall have it, if I can tell one that will help you to remember the sermon.

THE WHITE STONE

The day's work at the mine was over and Frederick Wells, the surface manager, was making his usual rounds. Glancing along one side of the deep excavation his eye suddenly caught the gleam of a brilliant object far up the bank. He lost no time in climbing up to the spot where he had noted the glint of light. He had not been mistaken: it was a brilliant crystal. He tried to pull it out with his fingers, and as this proved impossible he sought to pry it out with the blade of his pen-knife. To his surprize the blade of the knife broke without causing the stone to yield. Then he knew it was a large stone. So large and brilliant was the stone that he feared he was either dreaming or was insane.

Determined to test the stone on the spot, before proceeding further, Wells rubbed off the dirt from one of its faces with his fingers, and soon convinced himself that it was not a lump of glass, but a diamond, apparently of exceptional whiteness and purity. He finally succeeded in prying out the stone and bore it away with him to the office of the mine. Here it was cleaned and, to the astonishment of all, was found to have a weight of 302¾ carats, more than three times that of any other diamond that had been discovered. Before many hours passed the

telegraph carried tidings to all parts of the world that the greatest diamond of this age or any other age had been brought to light. T. M. Cullinan, founder and chairman of the Premier Company, named the diamond after himself; others have called it the Premier and several different names have been proposed. It was purchased and presented to King Edward VII. He has passed to a country to which he could not take this almost priceless white stone. When dying he said: "It is all over, but I think I have done my duty." We all hope he had the "white stone with the new name," the only white stone he could take with him beyond his palace in London.

Twenty-eight

SUPERSTITION AND ST. SWITHIN

"Their own superstition."—Acts 25:19.

SUPERSTITION is a long word. You can not cut it with your knife, but if you have a keen edge on your brain you can divide it into two words. The first half is the Latin word "super," meaning over, and the second half is "stare," meaning to stand. Superstition is something that has been left to stand over. If a box came to you and you did not know it was candy you might let it stand over until it spoiled. Superstition is a truth that people do not understand and let stand over until it spoils. Spoiled truth is superstition.

St. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester. Many superstitions are mixed with his name and fame. He died in 862. When dying, he requested that his body be buried in the churchyard. The legend says that one hundred years afterward, when the monks on July 15 took up his body to deposit it in the

Cathedral, they were delayed by a violent rain. The reason for the rain was not explained and was left to "stand over" until it became a superstition. People came to believe that the rain was sent to prevent the monks from taking his body from the place where he wanted it to rest. There are foolish and superstitious people to-day who say if it rains on St. Swithin's Day, July 15, it will rain for forty days. Your teacher will explain to you that we expect considerable rain about July 15, at what is called the "summer solstice." If the monks had known the rain was the result of God's laws, they would have waited until the rain was over before lifting the body. Then there would have been no superstition about it.

This year St. Swithin's Day comes on Monday. If it came on Friday we would have another superstition. Some time in the past something happened on Friday. It was not explained, but was left over until it spoiled, or became a superstition. It is a sin to injure Friday, as it has been a great day in our history. America was discovered on Friday. the *Mayflower* landed at our shores on Friday. The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday, and George Washington was born on Friday. It is a sin and a shame to leave some facts "standing

over" until they spoil and leave their odor to spoil the reputation of a good day.

Let me give you one rule for destroying superstition. It is the rule of God. Our God rules all things; He rules "13" and "Friday." When we "knock wood" we are striking at the rule of God. The Greek word, superstition, in our text, means "reverence of demons. " When you lose the rule of God you are in danger of taking the rule of demons. Superstition is the rule of demons. If you are tempted to be superstitious just say: "It is God's '13.' It is God's 'Friday.' " God, like salt, cures things that are left over to decay.

Do you really want a story about superstition? Here it is:

"Listen," said Ned, as he stood in the farmhouse door with Uncle Horace.

It was an early autumn morning. Across the field, clear and cheery, sounded once and again the whistle of a quail.

"Do you hear that?" asked Ned; "that is an old quail who has raised her family in the north pasture this summer. "Hear her now!" as the call rang out again in the quiet air.

"If you were a French instead of an American

boy," said Uncle Horace, "you would have a superstition about the quail."

"Why?"

"Because in France they think, or at least say, that the number of calls of the quail foretells the price of wheat." They think that if the quail calls twice without resting, the farmers need expect but two francs (about forty cents) a bushel for their wheat; but if he calls four times it will be twice that."

"How very odd! Do you believe it?"

Uncle Horace laughed. "I don't, Ned, any more than I believe that the white rooster crowing so loud on the fence there is a bird of 'ill omen.' "

"Surely no one thinks that," protested Ned.

"Yes, indeed, in many parts of Saxony the peasants will not raise chickens at all, even tho they are poor and could sell the eggs at a good price; because, as I have said, they call the cock the 'bird of ill omen.' "

"Is not that what they call a superstition?" asked Ned.

"Yes, some fact they did not understand was left over to spoil."

"Let me tell you a pretty name the Swedish people have for the turtle dove."

"What is the name, Uncle?"

"They call it 'God's bird,' because God used it to help Noah out of the ark."

"That is certainly a very pretty name," said Ned. "Now I am going to the barn to get some wheat to feed God's birds."

"Yes," said Ned's mother, who from the dining-room had been listening to Ned and his uncle, "if you put God into your thought and into your stories there will be no superstitions."

Twenty-nine

THE PASSWORD

"A great door is opened."—I Corinthians 16:9.

YOUR first name was "I." When you came into this world you looked up as tho you wanted to say, "I am here!" That was the password and it opened the door of your mother's heart. The little long word "cry" was for several months your best password. It was like a night key and opened the door of mother's sleep. A small boy in Boston went to his father's library and found "I" was the password. He was in a great hurry and when he found the great door was locked began to shout, "Let me in!" His father said, "For whom am I to open the door?" The boy answered, "It is me, Harry." The father answered, "You are not my Harry; he would say, 'It is I.'" Not until Harry said, "It is I," would his father open the door. When Harry went to college he joined a fraternity and received another password. After he graduated and went into business he was again given a password. This password was "Honesty." It opened many great doors

for him. All through life he found the value of a password.

Girls need a password. A wise mother gives her daughter the word "Modesty." Another good password is "On time." "Pure heart" opens many great doors. It is a splendid password. Will each Junior select a password for this week and then see how many doors it will open?

Here are six letters: T. H. I. R. S. C. Put your brain to work and make with these letters a good password for boys and girls. Revelation 2:17 tells you something about the secret word of a good Christian. This word will open all of the great doors on earth. It will open the door of your tomb and the gates of heaven.

Are you really in earnest? Do you really think you can put the letters together better if I tell you a password story? Then I must tell you the story:

One bitter winter's night a little Irish lad stood in the streets of Dublin, homeless and friendless. Wicked men were making him their tool, and he was even then waiting to help in a crime. In the darkness a hand was laid on his shoulder. The face he could not see, but a kind voice said, "Boy, what are you doing here? The hour is late; go home,

and go to bed." He could only answer, shivering, "I have no home, and no bed." The kind voice asked, "Where is your father?"

"My father went to America, and my mother is dead."

"Poor fellow! Would you go to a home if I sent you?"

"Indeed I would."

"Well, then go to such a street and number, ring at the gate and give them the pass."

"The pass? What's that, sir?"

"The word that will let you in. Remember the pass is John 3:16. Don't forget, or you can't get in. John 3:16."

The boy ran to the place. Timidly he rang the bell at the iron gates. A gruff porter opened. "Who's there?"

"It is Jack Devonshire." Then all was quiet, there was no answer and the iron gate did not open. Jack started away thinking some one had been making fun of him. A voice that seemed to come from nowhere and was softer than a whisper said: "Your password, John 3:16." Again he rang the bell and said: "Please sir, I'm John Three Sixteen." In a moment the great gate was wide open.

"All right," said the porter, "you've got the pass."

Presently he found himself in a warm bed, the best he had ever known. Before going to sleep, he thought, "That's a lucky name. I'll stick to it." In the morning he had a warm breakfast before being sent out on the street. Tho he did not know it, God was leading him. Through suffering and sorrow he was to realize the blest meaning of his password. Crossing a crowded street he was run over, picked up unconscious, and taken to the hospital. Soon fever and delirium set in. In ringing tones he said over and over "John 3:16. It was to do me good, and so it has! My name is John 3:16; please open the gate."

The words were heard all over the ward. Testaments were pulled out to find what he meant. So it came about that one and another read the words. And as they read it, they could hear the sick boy crying, "It was to do me good, and so it has!" The Holy Spirit used the words and souls were saved then and there. After a while the lad's senses returned. A voice from the next bed said, "Well, John 3:16, how are you to-day?"

"How do you know my name?"

"Know it? You've never ceased telling us. Blest

John 3:16! It's from the Bible," the voice went on; "blest Bible!"

"Bible? What's that?"

The poor little waif drank in the answer. The verse was read to him, and he said, "That's beautiful; it's all about love, and not a home for a night, but a home for always!" Jack Devonshire was a name given to him in the orphan asylum, and he threw it away with his old ragged clothes. With a new suit of clean warm clothes he took his new name and always kept it. It was John Three Sixteen. Friends gave him an education, and he grew up to a career of great usefulness. He found the great word in T. H. I. R. S. C.

Thirty

THE LITTLE WINDOW DOOR

"He that entereth not by the door."—John 10:1.

WHY do you have a front door in your home? I hear Ben say: "Foolish question number ten." Would not a back door do just as well as a front door? You say "No," because your friends do not come in that way. Would you laugh if I talked about a door in the roof? In a few years many of your homes will have a door in the roof. The maid will hear the horn, and up in the elevator she will go to open the roof-door. Friends in an aeroplane have dropt down for a call. Father will say, "Fasten your machine to the chimney and stay for dinner." We shall keep the front door, as the old folks will come later in an automobile and the little boys and girls will run in that way from school.

There is one person who does not come into the home through any door. He entereth not by the door, but climbs up some other way. He does not blow a horn, nor ring a bell, nor send in his card. The Bible

calls him a thief. He is not a friend, but an enemy, and wants to get in and get out before you know it. The months of July and August are not his vacation time. He prefers to call when we are away or fast asleep.

Have you ever thought of your body as a home with doors through which your friends come in to visit you? Your ears are doors, your eyes are windows. Hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, touching, these are all doors in your house. Try and count how many callers and visitors come each day to talk with you. Are you guarding every door so as to keep the thief out? The thief who wants to steal your good name, to steal your pure thought, to steal your character. But thieves do not always come in through the door. They get in some other way. There is a thief called sin and some of us believe he got in before the house was finished. This thief got into the garden of Eden. Possibly he got in before the garden was fenced. He came in the form of a serpent. He is in your body, or house. How are you to get him out? Listen!

"A great and deadly serpent entered into a house and made its abode in a hole in the wall. The family was greatly alarmed, and the neighbors came run-

ning to know what was the matter. 'A snake, a deadly snake, has come here to live! Oh, what shall we do?' Said one, 'Have the house thoroughly whitewashed.' Said another, 'Have it painted, too, and send for a carpenter to mend all the doors and windows.' Said a third, 'Send for a teacher who will tell you how to be good moral people.' 'Well, the house was whitewashed and painted, and the teacher told them how to be moral, and the family, feeling safe, ate, drank, and slept in the house in peace. About a month afterward, one dark night, when all were asleep, the snake came out of his hole and bit the father and he died. Two nights after the reptile bit the son, and he also died."

Juniors, do you know the meaning of this parable? The house is the boy, the hole in the inner wall is the heart, the serpent is sin. By all your washings and daubings and trying to be good you will no more get sin out of your heart than they get the serpent out of that house by lime and paint. Christ is the only remedy. Believe in Christ and He will take sin from your heart.

But we have talked long enough about doors, windows and snakes. I am going to tell you a story. Evelyn and her mamma went to Grandma Stone's

and Evelyn was left in the library alone. There were some beautiful flowers on the table. "I wish I had just one bloom to take home," she said to herself; "grandma's sick upstairs, anyhow, and I know Robert don't ever care to smell 'em." Robert was the colored butler. Evelyn put out her little hand, and the white blossom was in great danger, but a sound in the hall startled her; she dropt back on the sofa and mamma came in.

How quickly mothers do see things! There was a look in Evelyn's eye that told this mother the whole story, but she didn't say anything about it at first. She put on the little girl's coat and hat, and they set out for home.

"Once there was a band of robbers," said mamma, "and they came to a castle by night and tried to break in; but the walls were strong and the door was tight, and they could not get in. Presently one of them found a tiny little window unbarred, and so small that he could only thrust his head in. What did they do? Why, they found a little boy, and they put him through the narrow window, and he unlocked the big window, and so all the robbers got into the castle."

"Is that all the story, mamma?"

"That is not quite all. The rest is to show what it means. When a little girl does something that seems a little wrong—only a very little wrong, indeed, like pulling grandma's flowers without leave—that is like putting the little thief inside the castle. The little wrong makes it easier to do a bigger and bigger wrong. The only safe thing is to keep the little window shut and not open it to any little wrong-doing, however small."

"He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth."

Thirty-one

AUGUST IN EARNEST

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Psalm 121:3.

VACATION in earnest should be your motto for August. Leave all your school books and school work at home. Leave all your school troubles and all your other troubles in the cellar. Surely they can get along one month without being nursed in your heart. Leave your bad temper and the temper that is not quite so bad at home. One month without getting angry! Long enough to learn how it feels and not long enough for wings to grow. Leave all self-ish-ness at home. Just try to see how much you can do to make others happy. Find out how many things you can cheerfully give to others, when you want them yourself. Anger, worry, anxiety, irritability, envy, jealousy, leave all in the attic. Ask your older brother or sister to tell you what a hobby is. If you have one leave it at home. Home, home, restful home! There is no place like home for a hobby when you are away

on a vacation. Do not put camphor balls in the pockets of these faults. Do not brush them and put them away carefully in a moth bag. Hang them in a dark wardrobe for moth-nests.

If you will leave these articles at home there will be room in the trunk of your body for something you should take. Count your blessings one by one and take them all with you. If you know how to laugh until your lungs are filled with fresh air and sunshine take the laugh with you.

There is one great comfort that many good people leave at home. This you should take with you. Can you guess what it is? It is your religion. God is everywhere. Religion is a vacation. In it you find the real rest from the burdens and bruises of sin. Take your memory with you and "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy." There are unseen dangers in your pathway and there are more of them in vacation tramps than you will find in any other part of the year. You will need some one to watch over you. "He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Dr. Francis Clark tells an interesting story of a Junior living in Maine who was out in the woods one day during his vacation with a camera taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came

upon the mouth of a little cavern between the rocks, and he said to himself, "I will see what sort of a picture I can get out of that cave," and as it was a dark day he decided to take a "time exposure" instead of a "snap shot." Steadying the camera upon his knee as well as he could at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semi-darkness within. Then he continued his tramp through the woods, and after a few hours returned to his camp.

Several weeks afterward, when developing his plates, you can imagine his astonishment to see in the picture, in the very center of the cavern, with arched back and bristling fur, and within springing distance of the spot where he had balanced his camera, a huge Canada lynx, that might easily have torn his eyes out or destroyed his life. And yet he came and went and saw no signs of danger.

How splendid the promise, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." Almost I can hear you say, "I will not go into the woods alone; surely I know enough to keep out of dark caves." Good for you! But there are some other dangers you may not have thought about. More of the members of my Junior Congregation have been sick during and after vaca-

tion than at any other time of the year. Your pastor believes that while you should be watchful and careful yet you need to ask God every day and every hour to watch over you and to care for you. There are dangers that even mother does not see. After I tell you a story you can think about unseen and unknown dangers.

A beautiful child went to a photographer to sit for a picture. After the sitting, the man retired to examine the plate. He was greatly puzzled upon developing the picture in the chemical bath, by the appearance of a number of dark spots on the face, altho not the least trace of blemish could be detected on the face of the child. The next day the explanation came. The spots then became distinctly visible. The child had contracted smallpox, and soon died. The faint yellow spots, before they could be detected by the naked eye, were faithfully portrayed by the searching and pure rays of the sun. The photograph revealed them.

But, you say, we will keep away from any one who has smallpox. There is something more dangerous than smallpox, and more difficult to keep away from. What can it be? Evil thoughts are more dangerous than the germs of smallpox, and it is

difficult for you to keep away from them. They destroy the soul. The soul is covered with the spots before they show on the face. God sees them, has a photograph of them, before you or your parents know they are there. They may develop while you are asleep. The first spot is on the heart. It is not enough to have a beautiful face; the heart must be pure. During vacation you can not select companions as carefully as you can at home. "Be not deceived: Evil communications corrupt good manners."

August in earnest! Vacation in earnest! Your whole life in earnest! Guard your life against seen and unseen dangers. Ask God who never slumbers to help you day and night.

Thirty-two

VACATION REST, WITH A THREAD

"Rest a while."—Mark 6:31.

"I CAN'T do this sum," said Hal. "I've tried and tried, and I can't get the answer."

"How many times have you tried it?" asked his mamma.

"Three times."

"Well, you go out and ride your tricycle around the house ten times, as fast as you can, and then come in and try three times more."

Out dashed Hal, and soon came in again, his cheeks glowing. "I tell you it's splendid out," he said, "the fresh air is so good, and I've thought of the way to do that sum, too."

"Got the answer—hurrah!" Hal shouted, after a few minutes.

"I thought your brains only needed a little shaking up," said the wise mamma. The request of our text, "rest a while," was given by one who is even wiser and kinder than a mother.

The disciples had been working very hard. They were in what is called "the school of Christ." They were studying how to work with Him and for Him. They had some very difficult problems. "They had no leisure so much as to eat." Christ saw they were tired, too tired to study their lessons, so he said, "Come with me to a quiet place and rest a while." What did they do? They rested by studying a new problem. Read the story, Mark 6:30-44, and you will learn how they were "shaken up" by a new lesson.

Vacation is a "shaking up" time. The body needs shaking up. Romp and run, shout and sing, sleep and snore, wake and walk, eat and exercise, lounge and laugh. Play in the hay, wade in the water, and tramp miles with the men when they go fishing and hunting. The brain needs a "shaking up." Find something to think about when you are out. Study the stars, read lessons from leaves of the tree, study birds in place of books, find new books in running brooks, train your brain. The soul needs "shaking up." See God in every thing that is good. Sing "The Lord is my shepherd," when you are watching the sheep. Find sermons in stones. "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they

reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The birds will teach you how God cares for you. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Here you find a soul lesson from the lily. Recreation means re-creation, made over again. A shaking up of your life and starting it along new paths. The best vacation is found in a variety, in something new and true.

Now I hear many of my Juniors say, "We do not go away during our school vacation. We stay at home all the time. There is nothing new to see at home. How can we find something new to keep us from getting blue?" Possibly you could find something new and true not very far from home. You may find some plan for a "shaking up" in the summer shadow of your old home. Will this statement interest you?

Agassiz tells us that he spent an entire summer exploring his back yard. A merchant sent him a check for $1,000 and invited him to take a trip to Europe. Agassiz replied that he was too busy to go to Europe, but proposed to investigate the treasures

of his kitchen garden. He began at one corner of the garden and found a little stone that held the outline of a mollusk. Close beside that stone was another that had the section of a fern. He kept on, working across the garden, and after three months, by the first of September, he finally reached the opposite corner of the fence. The great scientist kept his notes and wrote out his studies with great care. Later he published his vacation travels in a garden under the title of *Elements of Zoology.*

You can not shake up your body, mind and soul without giving them something to do. Too many boys and girls think vacation is a time for idleness. Idleness can not live without his friend and chum, laziness. Doing something, doing something, doing something! That is the secret of successful work and play.

Shall I tell you a story I found in the *Friends for Boys and Girls?*

"I like to sew when there is no thread in the machine, it runs so easily," said a little girl.

A good many people, I think, are rather fond of running their machine without thread.

When I hear a boy talking very largely of the grand things he would do if he only could, and if

things and circumstances were only different, and then neglecting every daily duty, and avoiding work and lessons, I think he is running his machine without any thread.

When I see a girl cross and disagreeable in her home, playing when mother is working, sleeping in the morning when she ought to be playing, she, too, is running her machine without any thread.

Ah! This sewing without a thread is very easy indeed, and the life machine will make a great buzzing, but it only wears out the machine. Agassiz really spent his vacation playing in the garden. He kept out of his study, away from his books, got a good shaking up. But he kept a thread in the machine with which he was playing. When you take your vacation do not forget the thread.

Thirty-three

RAINDROPS AND THE RAINBOW

"The bow shall be in the cloud."—Genesis 9:16.

VACATION, and some good friend may take you for a visit to Niagara Falls. There is a beautiful story I want you to read while you are at the Falls. I think the story came from the *Sunday School Times*, but am not certain about it. Here it is, a beautiful story about a few raindrops:

Years and years ago, up in Minnesota, a thousand miles away, I came down from heaven, a handful of raindrops, just as pure and beautiful and tiny as the new baby in its mother's arms. As I trickled down through the fields, where the birds sing and the grass is green, I just sang to myself for very joy, for it seemed to me that that was all I was made for, just to laugh in the sunshine and play along between the tiny banks of the little stream they call the St. Louis River. But pretty soon my waters began to get muddy.

Oh, I wasn't beautiful at all then. I was ugly,

just as ugly as boys and girls when they have gotten away from the sweet innocence of their baby days, and their hearts have been all roiled up with bad words and bad thoughts and bad stories. And I wondered how I was ever going to be clean again, and then one day, all of a sudden, I took an awful plunge and went down and down, and when I asked the water around me, for there was lots of it, oh, millions and millions of gallons—four hundred and twelve miles of water from east to west—I asked it where I was, and it said, "You're in Lake Superior," and as I went down lower and lower, one thousand feet down to the bottom of the lake, it got cold, almost freezing, thirty-nine degrees above zero, and I said to myself, "Well, I shall never see the sun again or be warm again, or be happy again." One day I found myself going up until I did see the sun and was just as warm and happy, and do you know I was not dirty any more, my waters were just as pure and clear as crystal. Then I said, "Oh, I'm glad that I lost my life in the life of this great lake, and that I went down so low, giving up everything, for now I'm pure," and I thought of Jesus' words: "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it." And

I was content to stay there—it was a happy life and a useful one—for great ships, carrying eight thousand tons of cargo, steamed back and forth over me, making men richer and homes happier and children brighter.

But God wouldn't let me stay there in Lake Superior, tho I was happy and doing lots of good, so I had to move on, just the way people do; you have to keep changing and growing old. And so one day I had to leave Lake Superior and go down through the St. Mary's River and the great locks at a place they call the "Soo." I thought I might stay there, because I was very useful. They carried twenty-six million tons of valuable cargoes through me every year, more than all that passes through the Suez Canal. But no, I had to leave the St. Mary's River and Lake Huron and Lake Erie, and, oh, it was a long, long journey, and my life dragged out sometimes, for it is very tiresome to be always moving! And sometimes my waters that were so pure in Lake Superior got dirty again and finally when I came to Buffalo I was awful ugly—oh, dirtier than ever I had been back in the little St. Louis River! There was every kind of dirt on me—oil, and coal dust, and sewage from the city. Oh, it's very hard to keep

clean when you go through cities, for they roil you up, and put bad things into your heart! When I came by Grand Island I was so soiled I thought I'd never be really clean.

And then one day I began to be whirled along at an awful pace—faster than a horse trots. Then I knew something terrible was going to happen! It was death, the water said—a great plunge off into space—a drop of one hundred and sixty feet, clear out of sight. I did not want to take that awful leap over the Falls, for the trees whispered to us that the river fell on to great granite boulders with jagged edges that broke the stream into millions of millions of tiny drops. Oh, it was death, awful death, and no wonder I fought against it! If you will go up above the Falls you can see the river fighting hard against the current. That's why the waters are all stirred up so, for nobody likes to die, not even a river.

But suddenly I took the plunge. It was frightful! Instead of a river I was then a great cloud of spray, and instead of being ugly and dirty, or pale and colorless, I was all colors of the rainbow—the most beautiful sight in all the world. Such glory that the people that stood on the long bridge shouted

for very wonder at the sight. I was beautiful, a pure white spray, and there was the rainbow of God arching over me. And then I was glad that as a river I had died, and it seemed to me as I looked in the face of the great sun that I heard him say, "I am the Sun of Righteousness—I am the Resurrection and the Life—he that believeth in me, tho he die, yet he shall live."

Two things I ask my Juniors to do with this story. First, trace on the map the rivulet and the river until you know the history of Niagara Falls from the Raindrops to the Rainbow. The knowledge gained will be a valuable part of your education and may be of value to you in some school examination. Second, think of it as telling the story of your life from birth to death. From it you can learn the meaning of life and the beauty of death.

Thirty-four

LABOR DAY

"Six days shalt thou labor."—Exodus 20:9.

TWO thousand work horses are led out for a parade on Memorial Day. This special day is selected so that the thousands of people on the street can see the big, strong, long-suffering work horses. Race horses, high steppers and black beauties are not in line. The work horses that do the hard work and pull until they strain a muscle or break the harness, have the right of way. Why do they have this annual parade? The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals believes that when the people see the great number of horses that do our hard work and have not time for high stepping they will have more sympathy. If they have sympathy for the horses they will see that they are better cared for.

The first Monday after the first Sunday in September is Labor Day. This is a day when the working men parade. High steppers, men of leisure, and tramps are not in line. Why do we have Labor Day and a great parade? In order that when we think

of the laboring man's long hours and hard work we may have more sympathy for him. Sympathy will tell us to do all we can to make the hours shorter, the pay longer and the burdens lighter. Thirty thousand of our workingmen are killed every year. One immigrant out of every twenty who enters Ellis Island is killed the first year he is in America. Some day we may have a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Workingmen.

Can you repeat the Fourth Commandment? "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." That is, so far, correct. One day for rest—but do not forget the next sentence, the one so many overlook: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." This Fourth Commandment tells you to work six days just as clearly as it commands you to rest one day. Are you a laborer? Are you doing something that tires you, makes you feel the need of rest? Then you are obeying the second sentence of the Fourth Commandment.

We are not all blacksmiths, but we all have a hammer and an anvil. Your school-room is an anvil; your text-book is a hammer, and you are hammering into your brain a good education. Your desk is an anvil; your pen is a hammer, and on paper you are

hammering out an examination, an essay or an oration. The intellect sends out sparks, thoughts glow as you weld them together into sentences and paragraphs.

Every boy and girl, every man and woman, every one who works, has a hammer and an anvil. The man who digs on the street, the man who sits by the desk, the woman at the wash-tub and the queen on her throne, each one has a hammer and an anvil. Labor Day teaches us to respect and protect every person who works.

"Six days shalt thou labor." Are you a worker? Have you a hammer and an anvil? Have you a place in the parade on Labor Day? Why do you bend your finger like an interrogation point? Asking for a story? Very well, you shall have a story written by R. E. Wakefield:

I had a class but didn't really know what manner of girls they were, but our Sunday-school picnic gave me a splendid chance to investigate.

After a fine lunch on the green grass I drew my class aside and proceeded to find out, as deftly as I might, what kind of material I was supposed to work up into good womanhood. Molly Baxter, who was apparently the class spokeswoman, suggested that

each girl report to me on her specialty—what she could do best.

"You'll know then what we are good for," she said with a laugh. You may be sure I stept briskly into the chance and Molly led off.

"I'm good for the fastest typewriting in town," she said gaily.

"And I'm good for keeping books."

"And I'm good for practising three hours a day."

At this point there was a lull in the proceedings. Apparently the shyer girls were thinking about their talents and what their work was. Finally Bertha Wilson said: "I can make my own dresses."

Annie Brown was the next girl to report: "I make the bread and pies and cake for our family, and mother says I'm not such a bad little cook," she said modestly. And then Grace Kitchen spoke up bravely. "I don't know that I've any talent, unless it's minding the children and darning the family stockings."

This left only a queer, stunted-looking home girl whom I had entered in my new class book as "Martha Jones." "Well, Martha," I said, "what can you do? I know you can do something special." Then careless, outspoken Molly Baxter said: "Oh, I guess Martha's only good for scrubbing."

My first thought was one of indignation at Molly's slurring tones, but quickly I saw my chance. I told them it would be a mighty queer world if nobody was willing to scrub; that we couldn't get along with just stenographers and music people; that we really must have scrubbers. Cleanliness is somewhere in the neighborhood of godliness.

In Lowell's verse let us change the word man to Junior:

> No Junior is born into the world whose work
> Is not born with him; there is always work,
> And tools to work withal, for those who will;
> The Junior who stands with arms akimbo set,
> Until occasion tells him what to do,
> And he who waits to have his task marked out,
> Shall die and leave his mission unfulfilled.

Thirty-five

REST DAY

"Rest the seventh day."—Exodus 20:11.

AFTER Labor Day we look for Rest Day. Juniors should be thankful for their day of rest. Admiral Hall, of the British Navy, commanded a naval vessel at Hongkong. After divine service had been performed one Sunday on his ship and the sailors were at rest, his intelligent Chinese pilot said: "Your joss (God) is better than our joss, for He gives you holiday and rest one day in seven, and we have only one day in the year, on New Year's Day."

The Admiral, in a recent address to workingmen, told them of this remark, and added: "Just picture working hard from morning till night for 364 days and only one day of rest; and then prize that Sabbath!"

In my "brain-box" I find a number of good stories about Rest Day. I have selected for my Juniors this story by H. Thomas:

The Peach Lesson

As a long-drawn sigh escaped her young guest Mrs. Grant said: "A penny for your thoughts, Harry."

"Well, I'll own right up. I was thinking how much nicer it would be if the Sunday were left out of the week; it seems to spoil everything so."

"Spoil everything! Why, Harry, I think it is the best day of all the week," said Mrs. Grant, trying not to look shocked at his words.

"Oh, well, that's because you're grown up, I suppose. But I almost hate Sunday; it puts a stop to all my nice times."

"Harry, I haven't seen you for a week. Tell me how you have spent it."

"Well, let me see," answered Harry, thoughtfully. "It's the last week of vacation, and I've crowded it with fun. Monday, we boys had a ball game with some of the West Side boys, and our side beat. Tuesday, I had more fun yet. Six of us boys went over in the grove and camped out. We fished, and cooked our own meals, and had heaps of fun! We stayed until Thursday night."

"I'm so glad you enjoyed yourself. Now for the two days more." "Well, Friday just beat all the

other days for fun. Our Sabbath-school went out to the lake and had just the nicest time! We had everything good to eat you can think of; played games, rowed on the water, and—and—oh, dear! the day wasn't half long enough. And to-day has been just as nice as the rest of the week. We boys made some big kites, and you just ought to see what fun we've had flying them!"

Mrs. Grant excused herself and went to the garden, where she picked seven of the most beautiful Crawford peaches she could find.

Harry's eyes danced with delight as she entered the room holding them in her hand, saying: "Harry, I have selected for you seven of my finest peaches; they are all yours. You can, if you please, eat all of them; but if, after you have eaten six, you will carry the seventh to the poor sick boy at the foot of the hill, and give it to him, it will make me very happy."

"Why, Auntie Grant," said Harry, "what sort of a boy do you take me for? Of course I shall take it to Dick—the very nicest one, too."

"Well, let us imagine that after you have eaten six peaches you say, 'Oh, dear! I suppose I must give the last peach to Dick, but I hate to.'"

"I won't even imagine such a thing!" interrupted Harry with a very red face. "It isn't in me to be so mean!"

Mrs. Grant made answer by taking the plate of peaches into her own hand, and saying impressively: "Here are seven peaches. They remind me of a boy who had seven beautiful gifts. The Giver said in giving them, 'They are yours; but if you love me you will do me honor by setting one apart as sacred to my memory.' Did the boy regard the wishes of the Giver as sacred, and gladly obey them?"

"It would be a mean sort of a boy that wouldn't do that much for a generous friend," ventured Harry.

"It would seem so," said Mrs. Grant. Then taking up one of the peaches she continued: "We will, for the sake of illustration, call this Monday, that's the day he played ball, and came off victorious. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday he camped out, and 'fun' marked every one of them. Friday, picnic day, not half long enough. Saturday, kite-flying and a full tide of enjoyment."

Mrs. Grant had pointed to one peach after another in naming them, but had avoided looking at Harry. Had she done so she would have seen that the lesson

was striking home; for the boy's face was growing crimson. At last only one peach remained unnamed. Taking it up, she said, "You are Sunday, and I almost hate you, because you spoil my nice times!"

There was an instant's silence and then Harry in a repentant tone said: "Oh, Auntie Grant, I see it! I have often made my boast that with all my faults I was at least generous; but now I see how easy it is to be selfish and not know it."

"I am glad to see my peach lesson has made you see yourself," said Mrs. Grant, looking pleased.

"It has, for a fact. Six days for fun ought to satisfy any boy, and I don't think any one will ever again hear me say I hate Sunday."

Thirty-six

LITTLE MOMENTS AND MARGINS

"Hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment."—Isaiah 26:20.

A BOY, James A. Garfield, enjoyed hiding himself for a little moment. These little moments he called margins. What are margins? They are little odds and ends—something that many boys and girls waste. A moment is the margin of a minute and a minute is the margin of an hour. Garfield used the little moments, the margins of time, and in them earned and learned his way from a canal boat to the White House. He walked on the towpath and drove the mule that pulled the boat. Whenever he found a margin of time he would read something that was worth thinking about while at his walk and work. A short story will give you the secret of moments and margins.

If I Only Had the Time

Some boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time which others carelessly throw away. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement?

Drive the minutes or they will drive you. Success in life is what Garfield called a question of "margins." Tell me how a Junior uses the little ragged edges of time while waiting for meals or for tardy appointments, or how he spends the evenings, and I will tell you what that Junior's success will be. One can usually tell by his manner, the direction of the wrinkles in his forehead or the expression of his eyes, whether he has been in the habit of using his time to good advantage or not. The same signs are on the face of a girl.

The Junior who loses no time doubles his life. Wasting time is wasting life. Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

By hiding himself in every little moment he could find, Garfield learned enough to become a teacher. On a pathway paved with moments he found his way from a canal boat to a schoolhouse. While teaching school he improved his spare moments and was soon able to pass his "exams" and enter college. From the schoolhouse to the college he walked along a beautiful path paved with moments and margins. In a few years he was able to pass from college, where

he was graduated with honors in 1856 and where for a time he was the president, to the court house. From the court house he went, a moment at a time, to the State senate house. He did not have the time and money to go to West Point, but little moments prepared him to command an army and he became a major-general. At President Lincoln's request he was sent to Congress. Here he never lost a moment until he paved his way to the White House. While serving as the twentieth President of the United States he was in one little evil moment shot by Guiteau, Saturday, July 2, 1881.

On September 19, just about thirty-one years ago, he died at Elberon, N. J. On this anniversary of Garfield's death is a good time to look back and see the value of moment margins. Moments made him a great man, and one evil little moment, in which an insane man fired a pistol, robbed our country of a great President. Death was one little trembling moment on which Garfield stepped from time to eternity.

Is this all of the story of Garfield's life? No, for one secret of his success is not known to many people. His useful life was Garfield, plus moments, plus something else. A story tells about the other plus.

A scholarly, fatherly, contented-looking old gentleman was Thomas Garfield, of Hudsonville, Mich. He was the only brother of President James A. Garfield. At the age of eighty-seven he was well and happy. He resided on the same farm for over forty years and did not leave home over a dozen times after moving to Hudsonville. He was unknown outside his immediate neighborhood. did not seek publicity and liked to be called a plain farmer. He never went to Washington, altho he was invited by his brother to make his home at the capital city. He never had the advantage of an education. But James A. Garfield became President by the wise use of spare moments plus this brother. Thomas carried his brother James to school, when the snow was too deep for the future President to walk, and worked from daylight till dark in order to help him to success. He took care of James till he finished at high school, and then had his life insured, which carried him through college. "My duty was to stay at home and run the farm," declared Mr. Garfield, "and I did it. James was a politician from the time he was a little fellow. He was a natural orator and had the best memory of any man I ever knew. He could listen to a discourse and repeat it, and once we heard

him working out a sum in algebra in his sleep. When he got up in the morning he wrote it out." We would be ashamed of James A. Garfield if he had not loved and honored his brother Thomas.

Now, Juniors, please hide yourselves for "a little moment" and think. Just think of the fact that every boy and girl, every man and woman who makes a success in life ought to thank and love an elder brother. There is one who sticketh closer than a brother, who never sought any honors in this world, refused to be a King, and spent all his life in order that you might be successful and happy. Hide father for "a little moment" from his Sunday paper and ask him for the story of this "Elder Brother."

Thirty-seven

LITTLE CHILDREN AND THE BIG STICK

"As obedient children."—I Peter 1:14.

DID you ever see an eclipse? When the moon rolls between the sun and the earth we have an eclipse of the sun. When the earth passes between the sun and the moon we have an eclipse of the moon. I want to tell you about an eclipse of a day. The only one we have had for 134 years. The day was July 4, 1910, and the eclipse was caused by a great shadow thrown over it by Saturday, June 18.

Our one living ex-President, came home on June 18. Every man and woman in Greater New York was up early, and thousands of people came from other cities and country places, ready to greet the first citizen. Ships, big and little, went down the bay to meet the great ship on which he returned. When he came ashore at Battery Park the enthusiasm broke loose and ran over the telegraph wires to the ends of the world. More than 10,000 dollars were spent in the "welcome home." And it paid! It was a greater day than the Fourth of July.

Not one story, but three, I shall tell you about that day. When the great parade started up Broadway the Abernathy boys, who had ridden from Oklahoma, wanted to be with the Rough Riders. Surely they deserved to be there, for two boys, one aged ten years and the other six, who could ride 2,500 miles on horseback are surely Rough Rider Kids. But for some strange reason the Rough Riders did not want them in their company. Somebody appealed to the man with the "big stick," who said they had better obey orders and go where they were placed. So they were obliged to ride with the Spanish War Veterans. I am sure the "big stick" man wanted the boys to ride with the Rough Riders, but those who were in authority thought differently, and the boys were taught one of the greatest lessons of their lives: that was, "To Obey Orders." There are many times when boys and girls are in the right, but if some one in authority has commanded otherwise, then the best and only thing for the Junior to do is to obey orders. Obedience is better than having your rights. When you learn to obey you have learned the greatest lesson any school in this great world can teach.

There was another incident that my Juniors want

to remember. Just before the Colonel's carriage turned into Fourth Street a messenger boy, named Jacob Youngsivsky, succeeded in getting close enough to the carriage to get a warm hand-shake from the hero of the day. Off he ran and soon returned with a bunch of flowers, which he handed to the Colonel. You will easily guess by this boy's name that his ancestors were not born in Boston. He is one of the millions of boys in our country, whose ancestors were born in foreign lands, but whose descendants are growing into good American citizens. Colonel Roosevelt probably saw on this boy's face to what class he belonged, and by giving him his hand lifted him, and all the other boys of his class, into enthusiastic lovers of America. When the boy hurried off and brought back some flowers, it revealed the spirit that makes the child worthy of becoming a good citizen. All should recognize such boys as the coming Americans.

The other incident which you will enjoy, occurred at Washington Square. There the tiniest trooper in the parade, aged five years, joined the riders near the Colonel's carriage. The "big stick" man laughed, but as he saw the boy had forced himself into a better position than the Abernathy boys, he scowled fiercely.

This was not "fair play," and I think he was a greater man when demanding fair play for boys than when, as President, he demanded fair play for men.

There was one big blunder in the great New York parade. While there were children here and there in the parade, the committee overlooked the joy the hero would receive by seeing several hundred children marching together in honor of his return. A woman standing on the stoop of a Fourth Street house with a baby in each arm got an approving smile from the Colonel, who also held up his right hand with two fingers extended. Later, another woman with three children got the salute with three fingers extended.

On the evening of that same day the Colonel returned to his summer home at Oyster Bay. Here the people knew the Colonel's love of children better than we know it in New York. Hundreds of children were waiting for him at the station and marched with their flags, floated by their cheers, on the way to Sagamore Hill. The Colonel noticed the grown people, but at sight of the children he stretched himself to full length and said, "De-lighted!"

In his address at Sagamore Hill, he said, "I enjoyed hearing the children sing." Then he said

something the children will never forget: "I am glad to see you all again, men, women, and little Oysters." This was a splendid nickname for the children of Oyster Bay. Surely he made them very proud in the next sentence, when, speaking of his need of rest he said, "I want to close up like a native Oyster." Every child would understand that the Big Oyster was going to rest for a little time and that the Little Oysters could open their mouths and enjoy everything they could find to enjoy along the shore of Oyster Bay. September ends the Oyster's rest.

In Africa the "big-stick" man never shot or injured a baby Elephant, a girl Hippopotamus or a boy Tiger. Three cheers for the Lover of Children.

Thirty-eight

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OCTOBER

"That they might be saved."—Romans 10:1.

NEW YEAR'S DAY in October makes you sit up and think. If you think hard enough you can lean back and rest. You never heard of New Year's Day coming in October? January 1, you say, is New Year's Day. True it is that January 1 is our day, but we are not the only people in this world. The Jews are very much older than we are, and their New Year's Day will come on October 4. We date our New Year from the birth of Christ. The Jews date their New Year from the creation of the world. They believe that the world was created 3,760 years and three months before the birth of Christ.

Are you interested in the Jews? With Paul can you say: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." Is it possible that any of you boys and girls have never prayed for the Jews? Let us look at some of the facts about

their life, then see if we shall feel any more interested in them. First, the home life of the Jew. In the Jewish home more children are born and fewer die than among any other class of people. Every child is welcomed and loved. In the Jewish home the children honor their parents. As father and mother grow older they are treated like a king and queen. If you will visit the poor-house in your county or State you will not find a Jewish father or mother there. Jewish parents love their children and Jewish children love their parents. A Jew organized in New York the pure milk supply for babies. As a result the death rate among little children has dropt from ninety-six to sixty-three in every thousand. Second, the Jew in American history. A Jew gave the money to send Columbus on his voyage to America. Queen Isabella had pawned her jewels some months before and did not have any left to pawn for Columbus. Luis de Santangel furnished the money for Columbus. The map Columbus used was drawn by a Jew. One of his officers, his doctor and his interpreter, were Jews. The interpreter stood on American soil first.

In the time of our Revolution three members of Washington's staff were Jews—Colonels Francks and

Nones, and Major Noah. (Major Noah should have been put at the head of the navy.) A Jew gave Washington $658,000 to carry on the war and he never asked to have a dollar of it returned. In our Civil War the Jews were a great help, and in the Spanish-American War were many Jews. Some of them were with Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

After living in every country of the world the Jews selected America as their Promised Land. In 1654 they came to America and on April 25, 1665, they were given the legal right to make it their country. For 2,000 years they had been without a country and without a flag, but now when over eighteen million boys and girls stand in our public schools and say: "I pledge allegiance to our flag and to the Republic for which it stands," three hundred thousand of the little patriots are Jews. In New York City we have ten times as many Jews as there are in the Holy Land and thirty times as many as dwell in Jerusalem. In twenty-eight of our public schools were found 64,605 children, and of these 61,105 were Jews. Now, may I ask if you are interested in the Jews? Will you join with Paul and say: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved."

In a sermon by a Jew, he said: "We are sent to this land to be witnesses for God. Tell me not it was a chance that brought us here. It was the hand of of God. We are here to preach the great ideal. God has given us rest. Our fathers passed through the fire, but our lines are laid in pleasant places." The Jew believes in God and has taught the world to believe in Him. There was a time when the Jews hated our Christ, who came to the world as a Jew. Now they say He was the best man and the greatest preacher who ever lived. Some day we hope they will join with us in preaching Christ. The Bible teaches us that they are to be saved. Surely my boys and girls will join with Paul in his great prayer for the Jews.

About twenty years ago the New Testament was, for the first time, printed in Hebrew. So many of the Jews wanted to read about Jesus that 600,000 copies of a Hebrew New Testament were printed. It is believed that there are 250,000 Jewish Christians. Three thousand converted Jews are preaching the Gospel.

I wonder if my Juniors know that one of the rhymes they often use in play came from the following quaint rhyme, which originated with the Jews:

Then came the Holy One, blessed be he, and killed the angel of death, that killed the butcher, that slew the ox, that drank the water, that quenched the fire, that burned the staff, that beat the dog, that bit the cat, that ate the kid, that my father bought for two pieces of money—a kid, a kid!

The Jews called it the Haggadah and sang it at the "home service" of the Passover. By it they taught their children some great truths in their history. The father who bought the kid was Jehovah. The cat represented the Assyrians, the dog, the Babylonians, and the staff, the Persians. The ox was the Saracens who subdued Palestine. By the butcher was meant the Crusaders, who conquered the Saracens. By the Holy One they meant God, who would destroy their enemies and restore to them the Holy Land. In this rhyme the children learned their history and hope. America may be that Promised Land. Pray for the Jews.

COLUMBUS DAY

"They of Italy salute you."—Hebrews 13:24.

WEDNESDAY, October 12, is Columbus Day. In New York State it is a legal holiday. The 420th anniversary of the discovery of America. The Italians love a holiday, and more than 20,000 of these holiday-lovers will parade.

As Columbus was an Italian they have the first right to this day. America is a great country. The Indians should have a holiday, as they were here first. You boys and girls should fall in line and join with the Indians in their celebration. An Italian discovered America; fall in line and help them to celebrate. The Jews made it money-possible for the Italian to find America. Into line, all of you, when the Jew celebrates. It was the Spanish flag that first floated in America. Spain therefore has some first rights, and you must fall in line when the Spaniards celebrate. The Dutch discovered how to get the country from the Indians without fighting for it, and almost without paying for it. Put on the wooden shoes and

march with the Dutch when they celebrate. An Englishman commanded the ship that brought the Dutch. Get a Union Jack and parade with the English when they celebrate. A Frenchman, Lafayette, helped us to gain our independence. The French therefore should have a day and we should march with them.

Now glance back and see what a wonderful parade this will make, and how many flags will be floating, and how many languages will be spoken. We call ourselves Americans. But who are we? If you throw a stone at an American you are liable to hit a Dutchman, an Englishman, a German, a Frenchman, a Welshman, and almost all the other nations of the world. Why? Because many of the Americans have the blood of nearly all the nations flowing in their veins. The Italian is here learning English.

Do you Juniors pray for the Italians? They are making our roads and streets, digging our tunnels and subways, and doing most of our hard work. When you feel unkindly to the Italian and want to say unkind words at him, just imagine Columbus sitting on a cloud and looking down at you. Would you be surprized if he should speak right out and say, "I discovered America, and my people have a

right here to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The Italian came from the country that looks like a boot. He has walked into America with his boots on, and God is giving him something to do for America. In the fifteenth century England gave us William Tyndall, who translated the Bible into the English language. Germany gave us John Gutenberg, who gave us movable type with which to print the Bible. While we are thankful for these and other men who helped to make America great, we must not forget the Italians. Italy has given us some great and good men. Columbus was one, Michael Angelo was another. And we must not forget Savonarola.

When Columbus was being guided by God in the discovery of America, Savonarola was doing more than all others to found the Republic of Florence, Italy. When you see men building a house or store, you will notice a man holding a piece of blue paper with lines and marks on it. This is called a blue print, the plan of the building that is to be put up. This little Republic in Italy, that Savonarola did so much to establish, was God's blue print, one of the plans for the great American Republic.

COLUMBUS DAY

I want you boys and girls to go to the library this week and get the *Life of Savonarola*, and read it carefully. If you will read this great man's history I will ask Paul Suter to tell you a story:

If the doctor's son had not been mowing the grass they might never have noticed him; for he was a little fellow, and he had been trying hard to escape their notice when the lawn mower ran him down. Now he lay quite still, and Harry and Ralph looked down at him sorrowfully. He was only a toad; but, as Ralph said, he might have a wife and family waiting for him at home, and, anyway, maybe toads were some good in the world. The doctor was looking out of his study window, and he overheard them.

"Bring him in, boys," he called to them. "Maybe we shall be able to restore Mr. Toad to his family."

"Now, while I am trying to bring him back to life," he said, "I should like you to tell me what you know about a toad."

"He gives people warts when they touch him," declared Harry.

The doctor laughed and looked at his own hand. "I have touched him more than once in the last few minutes. What else?"

"I'm afraid that's all we know," Ralph said.

Sure enough, they returned in a few minutes to find the little fellow looking very spry indeed.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Harry exclaimed. "We wouldn't want him to die for anything. Why, we've found that toads are useful! The natural history says they kill more than their weight of caterpillars and bugs in a single day. We need him in the garden."

They escorted Mr. Toad out again; but, just as they reached the last step, he gave a flying leap and landed in a flower bed. Then he started away at a lively pace, as if to make up for the lost time.

"Good-by, Mr. Toad," Harry called after him. "Remember us to your family!"

If we knew the Italian better we would find he is not as bad as we supposed. We would find him a very useful man.

They of Italy salute you.

Forty

A LITTLE CHILD AND A BIG MAN

"Bring me a sword."—I Kings 3:24.

WHO was the wisest man? You should know his name, for every child should love him. Right you are—Solomon was the wisest man. How came he to be so wise? When God gave him his choice of all gifts he selected wisdom. What proof have we that Solomon was a very wise man? The first proof the Bible gives will interest you. Two women with one little child came to Solomon. There had been two children, but one died. Each woman claimed the living child was hers. Solomon was to decide which woman was the mother of the living child. That was a hard question. Children do not always look like their parents. I knew a woman who told a mother how very much her child looked like her—just her image. The woman smiled; she was the child's stepmother.

How could Solomon decide which woman was the mother? Solomon looked at the one child and the

two women, and said, "Bring me a sword." The sword was brought and Solomon said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to one and half to the other." One woman said, "That is right, divide it." But the other woman loved the child and said, "O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it." Her heart of love went out to the child. Solomon knew that the woman who wanted to save the child's life was its mother. In this act Solomon proved that he was a very wise man.

Any one who seeks for wisdom and asks God to help him can be as wise as Solomon. Solomon did not believe that all the wisdom of the world was wrapt up in his brain. Like a good father he talked to children and told them how to get wisdom. I have one of his chats with children and you can read it. "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law. For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live. Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall pre-

serve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."

Mr. W. H. Vail, of Newark, N. J., sent me a story about wisdom, and I will pass it on to you. Read it and pass it on to others. This will make you a member of the "Pass-It-On Society." The story will show you how any thoughtful person can become as wise as Solomon if he will only try. Solomon is dead, but God is not dead. You can be as wise as Solomon if you will keep your eyes open, think about what you see, pray often, and keep on thinking.

The little Arabian tale of the dervish shall be the proof of this truth. A dervish was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervish. "He had," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded on

one side with honey and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied. "And as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor even heard of him but from you." "A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants, "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervish. On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish, with great calmness, thus addrest the court: "I have been much amused with your surprize and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions, but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its

path, and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured, in the center of the bite. As to what formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was wheat on the one side, and the clustering bees that it was honey on the other."

Read all of Solomon's chats with children. Remember that your eyes were made to see and your brain was made to think about all your eyes see. Think and pray, pray and think, and you can become even wiser than Solomon.

Forty-one

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

"Whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him."—Ecclesiastes 10:8.

FRIDAY, October 28. If you are in or near New York this will be the proper time to visit the Statue of Liberty. Why? Because on October 28, 1886, this great Statue of Liberty was unveiled. It was the gift of France to the United States, and stands on Bedloe's Island as a perpetual reminder of the good will between these countries. Its height, from low water mark to the top of the torch, is 305 feet 11 inches. The statue itself, which is in the form of a woman holding a torch in her hand, is 152 feet.

When strangers from other countries come up our beautiful bay this is one of the first sights they see, and it tells them that they are coming into the land where Liberty is Enlightening the World.

When we speak about this being the Land of Liberty, what do we mean? Does liberty mean to do as you please? You have liberty to throw a stone,

but your liberty ceases when you throw that stone at some one. You have the liberty to use your voice, and you can shout and yell as long and loud as you are able; but your liberty ceases when your shouting and yelling annoys some sick person or makes some person nervous who wants to feel well. Liberty is the privilege of doing anything that you please within the limits of law. Our text says, "Whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him." The hedge means law. There is a hedge, or law, around your playground and around your house and around your father's farm. The line fence is a law between your father's farm and some other man's farm. Your father has liberty to plant whatever he pleases on his side of the fence, but he does not have the liberty to plant anything on the other side of the line fence. Breaking through the hedge means breaking a law. Whenever you do anything the law tells you not to do, then you break through a hedge. The bite of the serpent means punishment for breaking the law. Every time we break a hedge or break a law there is a punishment. In the old hedges spoken of in our text, serpents found their home. When anyone broke through a hedge these serpents became angry and would bite the breaker.

Our text takes a hedge as an illustration to show us that when we break a law we shall surely be punished.

We have a great amount of liberty—more liberty than is given to the people of any other nation in the world—but this liberty ends at the hedge, or the law, that has been made by God and man.

The law of God is to protect us and to bless us. When, therefore, you are looking at the Statue of Liberty remember it is the corner post of the great hedge or law around our country.

This Statue of Liberty was once worshiped as an idol. An aged woman and her grown son were on their way from Mount Lebanon to the United States. When they saw the great statue, nobody told them what it was, and they thought it must be Christ, representing the Christian land which they were about to enter. They dropt upon their knees on the deck of their ship and poured out their love and gratitude for the welcome which the outstretched arm seemed to offer them. Liberty is the gift of Christ, but it is not to be worshiped. We worship Christ, who gave us Liberty and protected our liberty by law. Tell you a story?

About two thousand years ago the Chinese people were in great trouble. Toward the north of China there was an enormous plain, and it was one of the most fruitful and productive in the world. The people who lived on the plain were farmers. Farther north was the country of the Tartars; these people lived by robbery, and when they looked at their neighbors' prosperous farms they were filled with envy. They made a raid on the land of the peaceful Chinamen, stole everything that they could lay their hands on, and beat or killed those who made any objection. The raids happened so often that the poor farmers did not know what to do, and were quite in despair. At last they made a complaint to their emperor, and he caused a wall to be built so as to prevent the Tartars from entering China.

The great wall of China is one of the wonders of the world. It is called the Wan-li-chang, or Myriad Mile Wall. Its length is about one thousand five hundred miles, so that it would stretch in a straight line half way from New York to San Francisco. It winds about, now climbing a mountain to a height of five thousand feet, now crossing a level plain, and now spanning a river.

The wall is twenty feet high, with towers twice

that height and forty feet square at the base, standing at intervals of a hundred yards from each other. These towers were used as posts of observation, and the watchmen stationed in them could give timely warning of the approach of the Tartar foe. On the top of the wall is a great road along which three automobiles could run side by side. This wall gave the Chinese liberty and protected them from their enemies.

Liberty and law are our two friends.

Dr. Abbot tells us the difference between advice and law. A doctor says to a child: "You have been working too hard and sleeping too little. You ought to go to bed every night at nine o'clock." That is advice, but not law. Then the father says, "My child, you hear what the doctor said, and you must go to bed every night at nine o'clock." This is law. This is the Chinese wall about the child for its protection.

Forty-two

ALL SAINTS' DAY AND HALLOW'S EVE

"Time would fail me to tell."—Hebrews 11:32.

ONE tick, and a moment dies. Sixty ticks, and a minutes dies. Sixty minutes, and an hour dies. Twenty-four hours, and a day dies. Three hundred and sixty-five days, and a year dies. The short life and flight and death of time! You begin to tell something, and time dies before you can finish. It was the death of time that troubled the man who wrote the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. He was writing about the good people who had by faith done wonderful things. After writing thirty-one verses he had to stop. "Time failed me to tell."

Pope Boniface IV. had the same trouble. There were a number of saints and each one deserved to have a day named in his memory. But he had but three hundred and sixty-five days and on his list were more than three hundred and sixty-five saints. What was he to do? He selected one day and called it "All Saints' Day." This is the day we celebrate on November 1.

Isn't it splendid to know that there are not enough days, not enough time, to tell about all the good people in this world? There would be plenty of time to tell about all the bad people. Probably you have heard mamma say: "The daily paper tells too much about evil people and about the bad things they do." Tell mamma that we do not have a paper big enough to tell about all the good things that are done. If all the good deeds of all the good people in all of our country were printed on any one day in any one of our daily papers, what would happen? It would require a two-horse wagon or an automobile truck to bring that paper to your house. The paper would be too big to get in through your door. You would have to spread it out on the street in order to read it. Then there would not be room for people to walk along the street while you were reading your paper. But we can put all the wicked things that are done in one day in one paper that is small enough to fold up and put in one of papa's pockets.

A crowd watches a house on fire. But just think of that crowd looking at every house that is not on fire. You will stop and look at a man who is staggering along the street, but you could not possibly

take time to stop and look at every man who does not stagger.

There are more saints than sinners. I hear you ask, who are saints?" By saints the Bible means any one who loves God and his fellow-man. You thought the saints were all dead. You can be a saint without dying or even being sick. A saint is an every-day good person. Don't be afraid of the ring of light that hangs over the heads of picture saints. There is no such ring or halo. If there were it would come to the one whose head it would fit like his hat.

How would this plan suit you for the evening before All Saints' Day, called All Hallow's Eve? Make a list of the good people you know and love and write to them and say that to-morrow, All Saints' Day, you are going to put their names in your Saints' Gallery. Could not do it? Why? "Time would fail me to tell." Then try another plan. Make a list of those who are not saints, those whose gates you thought of taking off, those on whom you thought of playing some trick on Hallowe'en. "Good! Good!" you say. "We can do that, as there are only two or three in our neighborhood."

How can you know a real saint? You will find that he loves children and would be willing to die

for them. I wonder if this is not why "All Saints' Day" is the Children's Day? A story? All right, take this one related by Mr. Dayton. He tells of some of those "close calls" which every engineer must reckon on as part of the day's work.

A most remarkable instance of this sort happened many years ago on a railway in eastern Missouri and was told in a railway paper. One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday-school was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. Altho the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour. As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed the throttle and put on the brakes in an instant.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman, "hundreds of children on board."

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main-line rails.

The train came to a stop and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch. "It was the act of God," said the engineer.

A saint is one who does his best and trusts God to do the rest. I have a long list of every-day saints, but "time would fail me to tell."

Forty-three

JOHN'S LETTER TO CHILDREN

"My little children, these things write I unto you."—I John 2:1.

IN what book for grown people will you find the largest number of letters to little children? I hope you will not make many guesses before you say "The Bible." May I tell you about a letter that John, the beloved disciple, wrote to you? In this short letter John says "little children" nine times. Why did he write this letter to little children? He says: "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not." Then after telling some facts about the little children's best friend, he says: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you." Does he tell us how the sins of little children are forgiven? Yes. He says they are forgiven for Christ's sake.

The question I want to ask you to-day is: Do you believe that your sins have been forgiven for Christ's sake? I hear you answer, "Certainly, I believe, and I pray to God every day and thank him for what

Christ has done for me." Then I want to ask you another question. Have you told the world that you believe your sins have been forgiven? You remember Christ said that if we believe in Him we should confess Him before men. If you do not confess Him you either do not believe in Him or you are ashamed of Him.

If you were in a house that was on fire and some man whose clothes were all torn and who had been drenched with the hose and was covered with dirt should rush in and save you, would you be ashamed to take him to your home and tell papa and mamma that he saved you? Christ's coat was torn off and they spat on him, and he was nailed to a cross, and blood was running over him, but surely you should not be ashamed of him.

If you found the fireman who saved you was a king then surely you would be very proud of him. Christ who saved you is the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.

We are at the time of the year when the nights are long, and I want you to think about this to-night. Think hard, before you say your prayers. If you will promise to do this I will tell you a story I found and kept for you.

In visiting one of the large city hospitals, the visitor asked a nurse what was the most remarkable incident that she remembered in her long hospital experience. The nurse said: "I can tell you what was the most touching and impressive thing I ever saw in my hospital experience. It took place several years ago:

"There was a terrible accident in the city where I was then nursing, and two lads were brought in fatally mangled. One of them died immediately on entering the hospital; the other was still conscious. Both of his legs had been crusht. A brief examination showed that the only hope for the boy's life was to have them taken off immediately, but it was probable he would die under the operation.

" 'Tell me,' he said bravely, 'am I to live or die?'

"The house surgeon answered as tenderly as he could: 'We hope for the best, but it is extremely doubtful.'

"As the lad learned his doom, his eyes grew large and then filled with tears. His mouth quivered pitifully, and in spite of himself, the tears forced themselves down his smoke-grimed cheeks. He was only a lad, but he showed the courage of a man.

"As we stood about him, ready to remove him to

the operating room, he summoned up his fast failing strength and said: 'If I must die, I have a request to make. I want to do it for the sake of my dead mother. I promised her I would, but I have kept putting it off all this while.'

"We listened, wondering what the poor lad meant. With an effort he went on: 'I want to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I want a minister. I want to profess myself a Christian before I die.'

"We all looked at each other; it was a situation new to our experience. What should we do? A nurse was sent for a clergyman. In the meanwhile we moved the boy upstairs to the operating room. There we laid him on the table. By this time the minister arrived. The boy welcomed him with a beautiful smile. The clergyman took his hand. I had been holding it, and it was already growing cold. The house surgeons and nurses stood reverently by. The boy began: 'I believe——' He faltered, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, he was so weak. I could not help crying. The surgeon did not behave much better. Not a soul in the room will ever forget the sight, nor the words when the boy said: 'I believe in Jesus Christ—His Son—our Savior.'

"He stopt because he had not strength to say another word. Then the clergyman, seeing that the end was near, hastily put a small piece of bread in the lad's mouth, and a few drops of wine to his lips, thus formally administering the sacrament and receiving the lad from the operating table—into the company of those who profess the name of Christ. Summoning up all his strength, while the minister was praying, the boy said distinctly: 'I believe——' With these blest words upon his lips he passed away.

"The surgeon put aside his knife and bowed his head. The Great Physician took the poor boy's case into his own hands. That, sir, was the most touching and beautiful thing I have ever seen in my hospital experience of almost twenty years."

Forty-four

CHRYSANTHEMUM SUNDAY

"I will give thee the worth of it in money."—I Kings 21: 2.

THE minister who chats with children has a Junior Congregation. There are two hundred boys and girls who come to church every Sunday morning. The second Sunday of November is their Chrysanthemum Day. Each member brings a number of these beautiful flowers, and after the service they are taken to the children in the hospital.

The beautiful Chrysanthemum was once a Japanese wild flower, known as Golden Chain. A flower lover took this wild flower to his own garden and began to take care of it, and to love it, and to help it to grow. What did this beautiful flower cost those who helped it to grow and bloom? It cost them time, patience, love and watchfulness. If we know how much it all meant in money we would be surprized at the amount. Could we give the worth of it in money?

Why are men willing to pay such a great price

for the development of a wild flower? Because they see in this little flower something that is trying to make itself great; trying but failing. Looking down at this something the man's heart is touched and he says, "I will try and help this something to fulfill its mission." I wonder if this is not the secret of nearly all of the good that is done in this world.

A little child has lost father and mother and has no friends. The little child is almost nothing and would be left to die if some one did not see this almost nothing trying to be something. The child is loved and watched and educated and becomes a great man.

Possibly the Chrysanthemum has a lesson for boys and girls. If my Juniors ever become great it will be because they developed from almost nothing. Father and mother see this almost nothing trying to be something and begin to help it. Did you ever count the cost of developing an almost nothing boy into a great something man? Some one has said, "When you count what a boy eats and what he wears and the school-books he has to have, and the doctor's bills that have to be paid when he gets the measles or scarlet fever, he will cost his folks at home at least one hundred dollars a year. If a boy loves to

smash things or to kick his shoes right out, he costs more than that. So that when he is twenty-one and old enough to do for himself, he will have cost his father more than two thousand dollars."

His mother cooks his victuals, makes his clothes and patches them, washes them when he is a little fellow and cares for him when he is sick. She never charges anything for that. If she were dead and father had to hire all that done, it would cost another hundred dollars a year more; and that is two thousand dollars' worth of work mother will have done for him by the time he is a man. Four thousand dollars for a boy! What do you think of that? When you are twenty-one, will you pay to father and mother the worth of yourself in money? Do not forget to do the best you can and father and mother will be repaid.

These are hard times. When parents put four thousand dollars into a boy, what have they a right to expect from him? If the boy makes a good citizen and a useful man, they will feel as if they had good pay for bringing him up.

Boys and girls, what are you worth to your parents? The Chrysanthemum pays for all it costs, and a boy by doing his best pays for all the help

he gets. I hope each of you will take a Chrysanthemum and think of what it was once and then count the cost and try to enjoy what it is now. As it is one of the last flowers to bloom before winter freezes our gardens, you can take it as the flower to think about during the winter. Would it not be a good idea to call it the "Key Flower"? A shepherd boy in the Alps, while minding his sheep, saw a strange flower at his feet. He picked it, and a door opened in the hillside. He entered and found a cave piled up with gems in the center of which sat a gnome, who said, "Take what you wish, but don't forget the best!" He dropt his flower, and loaded himself with jewels, then went out, hearing again, "Don't forget the best!" Once more in the open air he remembered his keyflower, and turned back to pick it up; but the door was gone, and in a moment more all his gems had turned to dust! He had forgotten his flower! Do not forget your "keyflower" and its lesson. You must have a story?

About two centuries ago a Russian nobleman, traveling in Mexico, saw and admired the maguey plant, which is a native of Mexico. The Russian procured some roots to take home as a present to the Czar. The Czar gave the roots to the court

gardener, who promised to give the plants his best attention, but he was taken suddenly ill and died. The new gardener, not knowing their value, threw the sack away. Some time afterward his little daughter picked up one of the roots and planted it. In time it put out a few spikes for leaves, but it did not thrive in the cold air of Russia.

Years passed, but it did not bloom. A new gardener looked at the plant and saw that it wanted to bloom, wanted to be something. He began to love it a little, coax it a little and push it a little. Soon many clusters of small buds appeared, which slowly unfolded and became white blossoms. The wonderful plant bloomed at last. The gardener said it was one hundred years old and had bloomed in honor of the Czar. Word was sent to him, and he and his whole court visited and admired the flowers and the plant.

The poor exile from the sunny skies of Mexico had earned its reward and a new name, for ever since that day it has been known as "the century plant."

Forty-five

THANKSGIVING DAY

"With thanksgiving and with singing."—Nehemiah 12:27.

ONLY a few more days to Thanksgiving. One whole day for saying "Thank you." How much of the day will you need to say your thanks? Here is an idea! Suppose we give thanks for the blessing most people forget? Has the little baby anything for which to be thankful? Eudora Bumpstead will tell us some of the blessings for which a baby should be thankful:

Mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up. First she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump and said: "Good pump, will you give me some nice clear water for the baby's bath?" And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave a nice clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little farther on the path, and stopt at the woodpile and said: "Good chips, the

pump has given me nice clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?" And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice clear water for the baby's bath;
And the clean white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn and then said: "Good cow, the pump has given me nice clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean white chips, for dear little Ray; will you give me some warm, rich milk?" And the cow was willing.

Then she said to the topknot hen that was scratching in the straw: "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?" And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice clear water for the baby's bath;
And the clean white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food;
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the topknot Biddy an egg new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to the apple-bin and said: "Good apple-bin, the pump has given me nice clear water, and the woodpile has given me

clean white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?" And the apple-bin opened its door and let her in.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was Baby Ray in his nightgown looking out of the window.

And she kissed him and bathed him and drest him, and while she brushed and curled his soft brown hair she told him the Thanksgiving story that I am telling you.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice clear water for the baby's bath;
And the clean white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food;
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the topknot Biddy an egg new and white;
And the apple-bin gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear little Ray, who was just out of bed.

If we sing this we will have Thanksgiving with singing.

But all the good things are not for baby. The older Juniors must have something for which to be thankful.

The Thanksgiving dinner! Yes! You are all

thankful for it. And the pumpkin pie—how thankful you are for it! You begin to be thankful when the pumpkin turns up its big round face and smiles at you in the cornfield. Then the pumpkin makes you smile when you put a candle back of its face and carry it about on Hallowe'en night. If you begin to think of pumpkin Thanksgiving, you may, if it were possible, forget to eat the pie. I am quite sure you all know that rhyme—"The Four and Twenty Blackbirds." Do you know it is a Thanksgiving pie rhyme? It tells us about a number of our greatest blessings for which we should be thankful. All the Juniors should recite it at the close of their Thanksgiving dinner.

The four and twenty blackbirds represented the twenty-four hours of the day. Surely we should be thankful for the twenty-four-hour day. Eight hours for work, eight hours for play and eight hours for sleep. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king. In the spring when the birds come North you must wake up early and hear the birds when they begin to sing. The king, who is represented as sitting in

his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers, as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams. The sun and his light! Just think! The sun as a king counting out his sunbeams and throwing them to us in sunshine, something better than gold. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. Had you ever thanked God for the moonlight? Something better than honey.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden before her king, the sun, has risen, is day dawn. The clothes she hangs out are the clouds. Never thought of that, did you? The birds who so tragically end the song by nipping off her nose, are the sunset that ends the day. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

Forty-six

LINKED UP WITH GOD

"Pray without ceasing."—I Thessalonians 5:17.

"I FEAR John Knox's prayers more than an army of 10,000 men." Why did Mary, Queen of Scots, fear the prayers of John Knox? Because he was linked up with God and had power. What do I mean by being linked up with God? An anchor is made of strong links and one end of the chain is fastened to the ship. On the other end of the chain is a double hook. When the anchor is thrown out it takes hold upon the rocks in the sea and holds the ship. The ship is linked up with the rocks, and is therefore safe. We are linked up with God, who is called the "Rock of Ages." God has given us an anchor which is called "Hope," and when we throw this anchor out into our troubles it takes hold of God and we are safe.

The Bible tells of wonderful things done by prayer. Prayer opened the Red Sea; brought water gushing out of the dry rock. Prayer made the sun

stand still. But you must not think that the power of prayer came to an end when the Bible was written. If God were writing his Bible to-day He could tell of wonderful things done by prayer in our own age. Here is one of them:

Hudson Taylor was a man of great faith in God. When he first went out as a missionary to China it was in a sailing vessel. Very close to the shores of a cannibal island the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for the help of God.

"I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze." The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling sails in a dead calm. Taylor said: "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails." And it was done. While engaged in prayer there was a knock at the door of his stateroom.

"Who is there?"

"The captain's voice responded, "Are you still praying for wind?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop pray-

ing, for we have more wind than we can well manage." And sure enough, when but a hundred yards from shore a strong wind had struck the sails of the boat so that the cannibals were cheated out of their human prey.

I can almost hear some one say: "We pray, but our prayers just go out from us, and we do not see the one to whom we pray; how can we know whether any one hears us?"

A short time ago one of my boys had a birthday. On the morning of this day I wanted to speak to him and give him my best wishes. I went to a telegraph office and wrote what I wanted to say on a piece of paper. The telegraph officer took it and said that the message would be delivered in a few minutes. I was standing by a window from which I could see the Atlantic Ocean and I knew that my boy was in his office from the window of which he could see the Pacific Ocean. The telegraph operator made a little machine say "Tick-tick," and told me that the message had gone. Now how did I know whether my son would receive those ticks or not? I had faith and believed that that telegraph operator was linked up with another telegraph operator in that far-away city. But you say that does not prove that

my message was received. That is true, but later on I was given the proof. It came in a message stating that my congratulations had been received. The proof, you see, was in the answer. The first time you pray to God and receive an answer to your prayer you will have proof that you are linked up with God and that God can and will answer your prayer.

Our text says, "Pray without ceasing." Some of you are thinking how it is possible to pray without ceasing. We must have time to play and time to eat and time to talk to our friends. As you always expect a story I shall let the story answer your question. It is a story of how a little girl prayed without ceasing. "When I first open my eyes in the morning I pray: Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I have washed, I ask for a washing of regeneration; and as I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; when I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God will kindle a fire of love in my soul. And as I sweep my room, I pray that my heart may be cleansed of all impurities; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed from the hidden manna

and the sincere milk of the word; and as I am busy with the little children I look up to God as my Father and pray for the spirit of adoption that I may be his child; and so on all day, everything I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer."

Pray without ceasing. Be "linked up" with God. Do your best and some one will finish all that you begin. Commit to memory these verses by Whittier:

Others shall sing the song;
Others shall right the wrong;
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.
What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day;
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made?

Forty-seven

NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING WON

"Go ye into all the world."—Mark 16:15.

YOU have learned in your Junior Congregation that Advent means coming; the coming of Christ. But if your life is all coming and no going it will be a failure. When Christ came to this world He said, "Go ye into all the world and tell others the good things I have told you." This the third Sunday in Advent. I would like to call it Adventure Sunday. What does adventure mean? It means an effort to do something without knowing just what the result will be. It means something in which you can wrap your faith. "Nothing ventured, nothing won." Have faith in God and then venture to do something for God and man.

In the book of Esther there is a beautiful story about adventure. Mordecai was a good man and was linked up with God. He had an advent. God came and talked with him and after this advent he found that it was necessary to have an adventure.

Some one must take God's message to the king. The king had "No Admittance" on his door, and any one who went in without being asked was in danger of death. Mordecai told Esther to go, but she was afraid. When urged she just wrapt her faith in an adventure and said she would go. She asked all the people of God to fast and pray for three days and told them that she and her friends would do the same.

After these three days she told Mordecai, "I will go unto the king, which is according to the law, and if I perish, I perish." This was a brave adventure. She made the effort without knowing just what the result would be. Esther was linked up with God and was successful with the king. All of her people who trusted in God were saved. There are little adventures for little people just as there are big adventures for big people. There are Juniors whose parents, brothers and sisters have not learned about the Advent of Christ. A little boy or girl may be the only Christian in the home. To kneel and pray before those who do not love God is an adventure.

Mary P. Lord, a teacher among the Sioux Indians, tells us this beautiful story: An Indian baby was dying. It lay in its father's arms, while near by stood another little daughter, a few years older.

"Papa," said the little daughter, "little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray." As she said this, she kneeled at her father's knee, and this was the sweet little prayer which fell from her lips: "Father, God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen." That was a real adventure. Do you ever visit little friends who are not Christians? Try kneeling and saying your prayers before them. You will probably find it an adventure.

After this season of Advent comes Christmas; it is almost in sight. You boys and girls must remember that at the first Christmas all the gifts were brought to the child Christ. Does this not teach us that Christmas is a time to give rather than a time to receive? The time for adventure rather than the time of advent? You ask, How can we take gifts to Christ? We can take all our gifts to Christ by venturing to help some one that is in need. Christ says whatever we do for other boys and girls and any one who needs help we are really doing for Him. I catch you smiling; you think giving to others is no adventure. So many are just waiting and anxious to receive gifts. But those who need them most and those to whom we should take gifts are those to

whom it is most difficult to give them. Here is a story in which you can learn just what we mean:

The window of a little shop in an old arcade in Berne was filled one day with crosses and hearts intended for the decoration of graves, and among them were several slabs of marble with the inscriptions, "In Memory of my Sister," "To the Best of Husbands," etc.

As we were in the shop, three or four idle tourists had halted to laugh at the uncultivated taste shown in these cheap votive offerings. Apart, and quite unconscious of them, stood a poor Swiss maid-servant. Her eyes were full of eager longing. The slab she coveted was the cheapest of the lot, a black slab, white-lettered; but the inscription was, "To my dear Mother."

"She stops every morning to look at that," whispered the shopkeeper. "But she won't have enough money to buy it in years."

"Tell her she can have it," said one of the tourists, a well-drest man, in a loud voice. "I'll pay for it."

"Monsieur is very generous," answered the shopkeeper. "But I doubt—she is no beggar."

While they were speaking, a young American girl, with sympathy exprest in her face, had been watching

this scene. She had real sympathy for the girl, for she too had lost her mother.

She drew the young girl aside and said: "I am a stranger. I am going away to-morrow, never to come back again. I should like to think somebody here would remember me kindly. Will you not let me give you that little slab to lay on your mother's grave?" The woman's face was filled with amazement, and then with delight. The tears rained down her cheeks. She held the girl's hand in her own.

"You, too, have lost your mother? Yes? Then you can understand! I thank you, gracious lady."

"Go ye" with help to some one who is sensitive but in real need. "Nothing ventured, nothing won."

Forty-eight

THE ADVENT CHILD

"For unto us a child is born."—Isaiah 9:6.

MAMMA is very busy and we are all helping her. Sweeping, dusting and airing the spare room and making everything ready. Visitors are coming. We are so glad to have them come for they once helped us when we were very poor. Brother, who is just home from college, says: "We are expecting the advent of some friends." The dictionary says "advent" means arrival, visit, the coming of some one. We are all using the new word and talking about the advent of our friends.

Since the sixth century some of our churches have set apart four Sundays before Christmas and call them Advent Sundays. How busy we all should be! Getting the heart ready for Christmas. Heart cleaning; getting the best heart-room ready for the little guest. Everything ready to make Christ happy, whose coming made us all so happy. We are specially anxious to honor this guest, because He saved

us from our sins when we were not able to save ourselves.

A certain business man has a curious little charm for his watch-chain. He wouldn't sell it for a thousand dollars; no, nor two, nor three. His little child gave it to him one day when, as he says, he was "down." "I had lost every cent I had in the world, and there at my desk, my head on my arms, I was thinking of a possible way to end it, when my little child came up to me and asked: 'What does "ruined" mean, papa?' And then I knew I had been groaning loud enough to be heard and understood. 'You said "ruined," papa. What does it mean?'

"It means I haven't any money, baby. Papa's a poor man. The little feet pattered away, then came back again, and here on my watchcharm is what she gave me. Not a great fortune—no, but the foundation of one. Whatever I've gained since came from it, for it gave me courage." Your pastor has a cross on his watch-chain. The gift of the Christ Child. The cross gives him courage.

Jesus has come, and Christmas is the anniversary of his advent. The Children's Pastor believes that every little child can be an advent blessing. "How,"

you ask, "can a little child bring a blessing?" Listen, and I will tell you some of the ways, and you can guess more of them. I know a little child that weighed thirty-five pounds who lifted a man who weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds. The man was out of work and each day his pocketbook was getting thinner and thinner; so were the soles of his shoes. One morning the little child saw the father on his knees and heard his prayer. When he started out that morning to look for work he heard some one walking behind him. "Where are you going, my child?" "I am going with you to look for work." He lifted the child on his broad shoulders. You say that was one hundred and ninety-five pounds lifting thirty-five pounds. Was it? The first place he looked for work he was asked: "Is this your little child?" Why do you not get her shoes?" Before papa could answer the little child said: "Papa will get me shoes if you will give him work." Papa got the work. Do you not see that on the heart of the little child, father was carried? One of our church papers tells another true story:

Grandma Wilkins was sick. The doctor said she must be kept very quiet. Wilfred heard his mother

say, "We must keep the doorbell from ringing if possible." "I can do something for grandma," thought the little boy. So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door. "Grandma is very sick," said Wilfred; "nobody must ring the bell." The lady smiled, but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came. "Grandma is sick and mamma doesn't want anything at all," said the boy.

All day long the people came. It seemed to Wilfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard and the bell was silent. Sister came to call him to lunch, but Wilfred would not leave his post. "Just bring me a sandwich or something, and I'll eat it here," he said. At last the doctor came again. He smiled down upon Wilfred and said: "Well, little picket guard, your grandma is going to get well, and you have helped to save her." Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and whispered: "I am quite proud of my brave, unselfish little son." When Wilfred went in on tiptoe his grandma thanked him with a kiss.

Tell you one more advent story? An Eastern legend says: In the country, near a great city, a

golden ball was let down out of heaven every day at noontime and on it was written, "Whoever shall touch this ball will get some wonderful blessings." Many tried to reach it, but all failed. The tallest man in the country came, but could not reach it. Then they sent to other countries and brought all the giants, but not one of them could touch the ball. One day there was in the crowd, waiting for the descent of the ball, an old man with a young child. The old man was not tall, and all laughed at him when he said he would try to reach the ball. He lifted the little child on his shoulders and the child smiled as the ball came down. The golden ball settled into the tiny uplifted hands and rested there for a moment. Then came the blessing; not only to the child, but to every one standing in that crowd. Thank God for the advent of every little child.

Forty-nine

PEACE SUNDAY

"The Prince of Peace."—Isaiah 9:6.

IN a charmed sleep on the Isle of Avalon, resting until the morning. You want to know who was asleep? In your history you will learn that more than 1,500 years ago the English conquered the Britons. The Britons taught their children to belive that the great King Arthur was not really dead, but slept a charmed sleep on the Isle of Avalon, and that he would some day awake and lead them to victory. More than 800 years before our first Christmas one of the prophets looked into the future and wrote: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Some one greater than King Arthur coming to give us peace.

Some people thought that this was a fable, but it proved to be a fact. The little Prince of Peace did come, and shortly we shall celebrate the 1912th

anniversary of his birth. God knew best how to send peace to the world. Man would have sent a great warrior with a big sword, who would have thrashed the next biggest giant, and with one foot on the conquered giant, would have lifted his sword into the air and bellowed like a Bull of Bashan, "Let us have Peace." But God sent a little child and not a great giant with peace for the world. Sunday, December 15, is "Peace Sunday," and all clergymen are expected to preach about peace. I am going to talk about this little child who came to bring the blessings of peace for little children! Here are facts that may interest you. Without peace we must have great battleships. If we could have peace and sell one battleship, the money would build and furnish fifty Manual Training Schools, where 75,000 children could each get a good education and be taught a trade. The cost of one battleship would build two libraries like the great Congressional Library at Washington, which is the finest building in the world. The cost of books and libraries would be less than the cost of keeping the battleship. One of our largest battleships costs $12,000,000 and requires $800,000 a year to keep it.

Now, what could we do for children if we had peace and could use this battleship money for them? We could furnish 1,400 churches that would cost $20,000 each. Just think of 1,400 Junior Congregations! Then we could give 7,000 farms, costing $4,000 apiece, to parents of little children who did not have a home. And we would have enough money left to send 14,000 boys and girls to college and give them $500 a year for their expenses. Surely all children will work for peace.

The little Prince of Peace came to the world, and gradually but surely peace is coming. Some of you are old enough to remember about the war between Russia and Japan. Our ex-President, Colonel Roosevelt, made peace between these two great countries. He did not roar like a Bull of Bashan, but history says that a story he told about a bull decided these nations to make peace. Here is the story: "I was riding across the plains in a railway train when a powerful bull placed himself squarely between the rails and defied the oncoming locomotive. Now, the engineer could have accepted the challenge and with his great engine could have killed the angry bull. But he did not. No, he stopt the train, and with the aid of the train crew drove

the animal off the track. Why? Because of the possible damage which might have been done to the train had he run over the bull. It might have derailed the locomotive." When they thought about this story, neither of the nations wanted to be the bull and both decided to get off the track of war and have peace.

When peace comes permanently to the world it will be Christian peace. If the boys and girls become good Christians they can, when men and women, bring peace to the world. A story will show you how this can be done: A missionary from Madagascar writes: The Kora tribe had been converted from heathenism to the worship of the true God. The neighboring Sakalava people began to fight them. It was the first time the Koras had gone to war since their conversion to Christianity, and their prime minister reminded them that it must be carried on in a Christian manner. There must be no needless bloodshed, no carrying off of slaves, no stealing or like wrong things that are usually the rule in war. A fund of money was raised that the soldiers might honestly buy from the enemy whatever they might need. Children held prayer-meetings and prayed for the speedy end of the war.

The Sakalava villagers were astonished at such queer warriors. "What strange enemies are these?" they asked; "they will not take even an egg without paying for it." When the two armies faced each other, the Kora commander asked for parley. He explained to the opposing chief why he wished to avoid bloodshed, if possible. The heathen chief sneered openly, accusing him of being afraid to fight. In reply the commander said, "What is your price for yonder bullock?" The amount was paid, and the general aimed his gun at the animal. "You can't kill it at that distance," sneered the other. The shot rang out and the bullock fell dead. "Now," said the Kora chief, "all of my soldiers can shoot as well as I. What would be your chance in a battle against us?"

"We should all be dead men," was the frank reply. The parley was followed by an agreement for peace. The heathen chief asked: "Can not some of your men stay and teach us the religion that makes enemies into friends?"

Fifty

THE SILENT YEARS

"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature."—Luke 2:52.

"STUDY a tree until you see what every one else sees in it, and then study it until you see what no one else sees in it." This is what a great teacher said to one of his Juniors. Jesus is the Tree of Life and the Children's Pastor wants you to study Jesus until you see what every one else sees in Him and then study Him until you see what no one else sees in Him. Christmas is the best time to begin your study. The New Testament tells us about the life of Jesus as a little child. Then nothing more is told us about Him until he is twelve years of age. Then nothing more is told until He is thirty years of age. All the other years are "silent years."

This twelfth year is probably the most important year. At this age children, like little birds, climb on the rim of the nest and try to fly. It was when Jesus was twelve years of age that he went up with His parents to Jerusalem, but did not start back

with them. They had a long hunt for Him. But Joseph and Mary showed Jesus that He could do something good and great by remaining at home. Probably they told Him that the first great thing for a Junior of twelve years of age was to obey his parents. Obedience is the key to all success. Jesus went home with His parents and did just what they told Him. He remained at home until He was a man ready and prepared to do something really great.

But what about these silent years? Do you know anything about them? Our text tells us that during the silent years "He increased in wisdom." His brain grew and He was able to think better and to do things better. The second thing that He did during these silent years was to "increase in stature." He grew to a strong, healthful man. He grew in favor with God and man. It was also during the silent years that He learned a trade. He was not only spoken of in after years as the carpenter's son, but Mark tells us that people who heard Him preach, said, "Is not this the carpenter?" You therefore see that we know many things about Christ during His silent years.

I am so glad Luke told us these facts about the

child Jesus. Real Christmas helps for Juniors. We can not really know a great man until we know something about his childhood. When a boy, Giotto the painter sketched on rough stones pictures of his sheep. Nelson's boyish reply to his grandmother was, "What is fear?" Washington as a boy wanted to go to sea. His mother's tear was larger than the sea, and in the boat of obedience, launched on the tear, he sailed home again.

What next? One great fact: The child life of Jesus was just like your life. At twelve He wanted to do some great and good work. Nearly every boy or girl when twelve wants to be brave and great. The majority of Christians confest Christ when they were twelve, or just a little older. Just think of Jesus as being tempted and tried just as you are. Growing just as you are growing. Open the door of your heart and let Him in.

He will help you to make your life clean and sweet and to live happy days and happy weeks. He will do more than this. He will make your life so happy that when you are a man you can go back to your childhood and live over again those happy days. Dr. Van Dyke has written something very beautiful about going back to the child-life.

When to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread the garden, loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown, and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child—
A strange child, yet to my heart most dear—
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled. . . .
"Come in," he said, "and play a while with me;
I am the little child you used to be."

You are to study the life of Christ until you see something no one else has seen. Possibly your father and mother have never noticed the fact that when Christ was twelve years of age he asked a great many questions. I am sure he has sympathy with boys and girls who are scolded for asking too many questions. Now, shall I tell you a story? When Alexander the Great was a boy the Persian ambassadors came to his father's court. We are told that the boy Alexander asked them a great many questions and that the ambassadors were interested in him because his questions were very wise.

We are told that all Alexander's questions were directed to the distance and size of their country and the nature of their great roads and how they had carried them up into the high countries of Asia.

He asked about their king and about his power and about the power their people had. He wanted to know what their king did with his enemies when he had conquered them in war. When you are old enough to read Plutarch you will learn more about Alexander's questions. Some one has written, "The child is father to the man." Alexander the boy was showing what he would be when he became Alexander the Great.

Fifty-one

STEEL-RIMMED SPECTACLES

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32.

ARE you thankful that your nose is just where it is? Never thought of that? Just try to imagine it some other place on your face. We should be thankful that our nose is in the right place. It holds our spectacles and is therefore a friend of our eyes. Gold, silver, nickel, iron, steel; which metal binds your eye-windows together and holds them across your nose? Yours are steel? Just the same as mine. We must be careful when standing close to a powerful magnet. Why? The magnet might draw our steel-rimmed spectacles off our nose.

There are many magnets and we pass close to some of them every day. "When I was a boy," said an old man, "I was often very idle, and used to play during the lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the

master. 'Boys,' he said, 'you must not be idle; you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.'

"'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, whom I don't like; I'll catch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell the teacher.'

"It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the master.

"'Indeed,' he said; 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?" said the teacher. 'Probably those steel--rimmed spectacles you wear are to blame. Mischief is a magnet, and it may have drawn your eyes and nose into what was not your own business.' When I went home I asked father to get me gold-rimmed spectacles. When I told father why I wanted gold instead of steel he laughed a great long laugh. Said he had the same trouble when he was a boy. One day he saw two boys stealing a sled and something just drew him over to see the sled. The bad boys broke his glasses, hurt his nose and stole his hat."

Let us put on our thinking caps. Might there be something which is called sin in our hearts, something like bits of steel? If so, then there may be magnets of temptation that draw these sins and with them draw us into bad company. Something like steel-rimmed spectacles on our soul.

My uncle works in a mill, and one day a piece of steel was thrown from a wheel and sank deep into his eye. The doctor had a magnet and with it drew the piece of steel out of his eye. He told uncle that his magnet would lift four hundred pounds. It would surely draw a steel splinter out of any part of the body. I wonder if there is any magnet strong enough to draw sin out of the heart.

Mother heard me laughing about steel-rimmed spectacles on my heart, and she said there is a magnet called the Cross, which can draw them off. Our text says: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." When Christ died for us He was lifted up on the cross. That may be what mother meant when she said the Cross was a magnet.

When we go home we will ask father or mother who the great Magnet is that can draw us from any part of the world to him. If He can draw us to

Him, then He will surely be able to draw steal, and all kinds of sin, out of our hearts.

Now two minutes for a story:

It is about a mariner's compass. In it is a magnetic needle pointing to the north. If there is a steel wire or nail near it the needle will not point right. Once a sailor drove a nail near the ship's compass and the nail caused the needle to turn from the north. The captain thought the needle was pointing right, but it misled him, and his ship was wrecked on the rocks.

A very learned man decided to study the magnetic needle and try to make it always point to the north. For several weeks he sat and bent over the needle, but the closer he watched it the farther it would move from the north. He tried more than a dozen needles and decided they were all wrong. The needles were right, his brain was right, his nose was all right, and his figures were correct. What was wrong? On his nose he wore steel-rimmed spectacles.

Now listen to the best kind of a secret, a secret you can tell. Sin is a magnet and draws us away from God. Love is a better magnet and draws us to God. The Cross represents love, and so long as

we keep close to the Cross sin can not draw us away.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

Fifty-two

GOLD-RIMMED SPECTACLES

"Bear ye one another's burdens."—Galatians 6:2.

DID you see that little girl? She is a great burden-bearer. If you had a pair of the new gold-rimmed spectacles you would be astonished to see what she is carrying. You have not heard of these new golden spectacles? You have heard of the X-ray, that strange light that enables you to see a stout man's bones and to look clear through some people who think they know how to keep a secret. The new eye-glasses enable us to see what people are carrying.

The old eye-glasses were, "Set a thief to catch a thief." If any one is a thief he is the one who can see a thief and know all the mean things he is doing. But there are so few mean people that it does not pay to make these old eye-glasses. A new eye-glass firm has been organized, and is called, "The Junior Congregation Eye-glass Company,

Unlimited." The new eye-glasses are, "Set a burden-bearer to see a burden-bearer." If a boy or girl has learned to bear burdens for others, that is the boy or girl who can see all who are burden-bearers. We call them gold-rimmed because gold is pure.

If you have these gold-rimmed spectacles you will be able to see that little girl with burdens on both shoulders, burdens on top of her head, burdens in both arms. Each finger carrying a burden as large as a big man would feel able to carry on his shoulders. This little girl read in her Bible: "Bear ye one another's burden." Then she began to ask, "Can I bear any one's burdens?" At first she thought that she could only carry some tiny burden for mother. She could carry this burden and then added to it some other person's burden. She soon found that she was able to carry every one of them. When she took those burdens she found that she could run faster, skip the rope oftener, dance better, sing better, and that her school work seemed to be lighter.

I am going to tell you a story. Here it is:

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." Lena Graves read this in her Bible.

She determined to help others to bear their burdens. In the morning, after washing her face, she put on the new spectacles.

Before going down stairs she resolved that through the day she would say every kind word she could honestly utter. She began to use them at the breakfast table. "How light these muffins are!" she exclaimed, as she broke one open on her plate. Mrs. Graves looked pleased. The family was apt to be critical, and she was dreading remarks upon the coffee, which was not quite so clear as usual.

Lena's suggestion took effect. The family tasted the muffins, and were unanimous in their praise. "Light as a feather," declared father. "Mother's muffins are always good," said Will. Her mother's pleased and brightened face was a revelation to Lena. The talk flowed on in pleasant channels, without the usual grumbling.

Her next opportunity came as she started for school. Bridget was scrubbing the front steps, and the young girl paused to say, "You did up my lace collar beautifully, Bridget. I really believe it looks better than when it went to the laundry."

"That's a good thing sure," answered Bridget, with a happy smile. And as Lena vanished, for

some reason, Bridget went back and scrubbed a corner of the upper step which she had passed over slightingly.

After the algebra class Lena lingered for a moment at the teacher's desk to say, "That explanation of yours helped me to see into this seventh example perfectly. Thank you." The pale, discouraged teacher looked up, surprised. She had a sudden refreshed feeling, such as always came when a bunch of violets was dropt on her desk. Not many words of appreciation came her way, and the joy went through the rest of the school's routine.

And so it went on through the hours of the eventful day. At its close, Lena felt a rare happiness she had never known. The next morning mamma was delighted to find that Lena had made her own bed and tidied up her room. Then when mamma went to her own room she found her bed made to a perfect spread and the dusting all done. Mamma fainted. But she "came to," feeling better, and has not had a sick headache for three months.

Then came a new world into Lena's vision. She saw boys and girls, men and women, as she had never seen them before. So many of them were carrying burdens for other people! The old world seemed

new. The old, sad world was glad. Her new world was not bad.

Lena was a member of "The Junior Congregation Eye-glass Company." You could often hear her say, "New eye-glasses for sale. Price: the life, suffering and death of Christ."

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